HEAVY METAL

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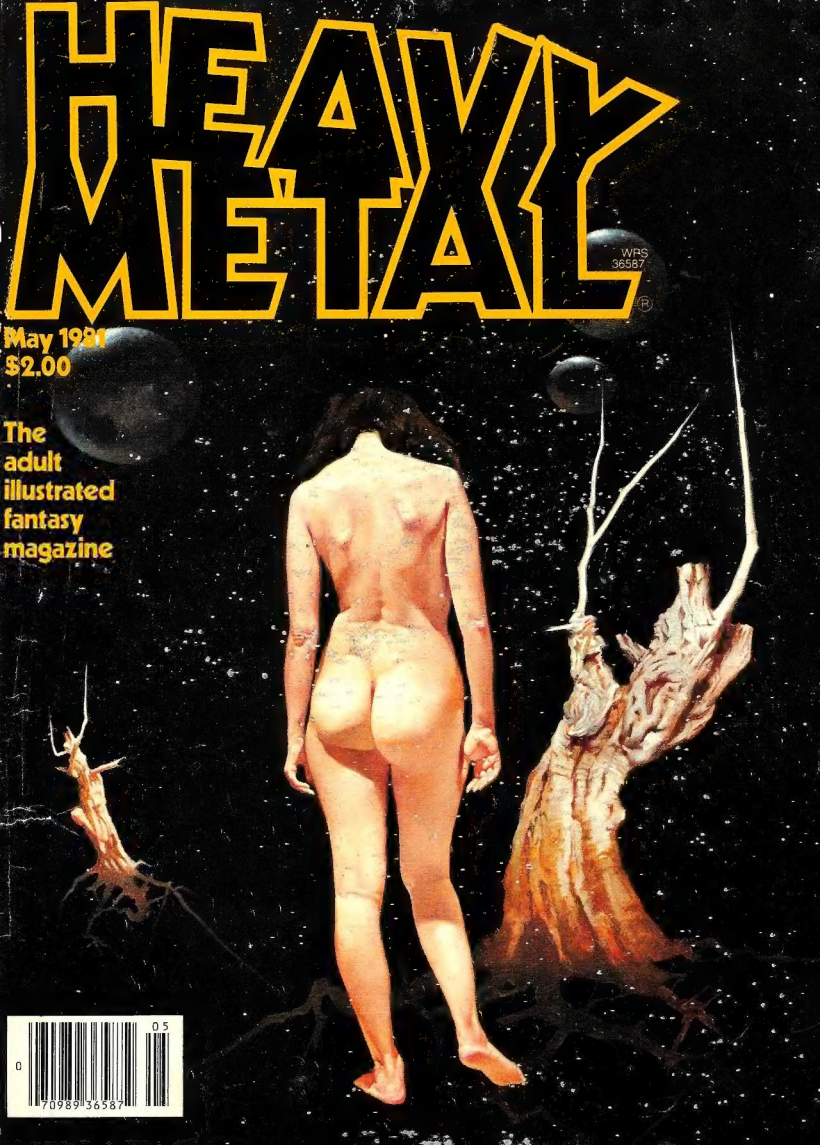
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



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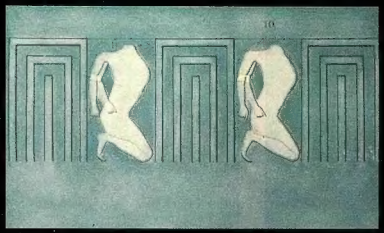
William S. Burroughs



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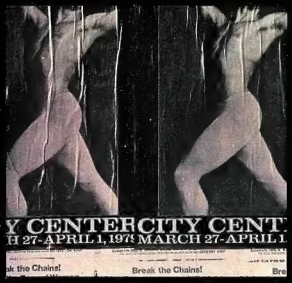

Photography by Anthony Scibelli

"To me the only success, the only greatness, is immortality."
—James Dean, quoted in *James Dean: The Mutant King*, by David Dalton

The colonel beams at the crowd...pomaded, manicured, he wears the satisfied expression of one who has just sold the widow a fraudulent peach orchard. "Folks, we're here to sell the only thing worth selling or worth buying and that's immortality. Now here is the simplest solution and well on the way. Just replace the worn-out parts and keep the old heap on the road indefinitely."

As transplant techniques are perfected and refined, the age-old dream of immortality is now within the grasp of mankind. But who is to decide out of a million applicants for the same heart? There simply aren't enough parts to go around. You need the job lot once a year to save 20 percent, folks. Big executives use a heart a month just as regular as clockwork. Warlords, paying off their soldiers in livers and kidneys and genitals, depopulate whole areas. Vast hospital cities cover the land; the air-conditioned hospital palaces of the rich radiate out to field hospitals and open-air operating booths.

The poor are rising in huge mobs. They are attacking government warehouses where the precious parts are stored. Everyone who can afford it has dogs and guards to protect himself from roving bands of parts hunters, like the dreaded Wild Doctors, who operate on each other after the battle, cutting the warm quivering parts from the dead and dying. Cut-and-grab men dart out of doorways and hack out a kidney with a few expert strokes of their four-inch scalpels. People have lost all shame. Here's a man who sold his daughter's last kidney to buy himself a new groin—appears on TV to appeal for funds to buy little Sally an artificial kidney and give her this last Christmas. On his arm is a curvaceous blond known apparently as Bubbles. She calls him Long John; now isn't that cute?

A flourishing black market in parts grows up in the gutted cities devastated by parts riots. In terrible slums, scenes from Brueghel and Bosch are reenacted; misshapen masses of rotten scar tissue crawling with maggots supported on crutches and canes, in wheelchairs and carts. Brutal-as-butchers practitioners operate without anesthetic in open-air booths surrounded by their bloody knives and saws.

The poor wait in parts lines for diseased genitals, a cancerous lung, a cirrhotic liver. They crawl towards the operating booths holding forth nameless things in bottles that they think are usable parts. Shameless swindlers who buy up operating garbage in job lots prey on the unwary.

And here is Mr. Rich Parts. He is three hundred years old. He is still subject to accidental death, and the mere thought of it throws him into paroxysms of idiot terror. For days he cowers in his bunker, two hundred feet down in solid rock, food for fifty years. A trip from one city to another requires months of sifting and checking computerized plans and alternate routes to avoid the possibility of an

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accident. His idiotic cowardice knows no bounds. There he sits, looking like a Chimu vase with a thick layer of smooth purple scar tissue. Encased as he is in this armor, his movements are slow and hydraulic. It takes him ten minutes to sit down. This layer gets thicker and thicker right down to the bone—the doctors have to operate with power tools. So we leave Mr. Rich Parts and the picturesque parts people their monument, a mountain of scar tissue.

As L. Ron Hubbard, founder of scientology, said: "The rightest right a man could be would be to live infinitely wrong." I wrote "wrong" for "long" and the slip is significant—for the means by which immortality is realized in science fiction, which will soon be science fact, are indeed infinitely wrong, the wrongest wrong a man can be, vampiric or worse.

Improved transplant techniques open the question whether the ego itself could be transplanted from one body to another, and the further question as to exactly where this entity resides. Here is Mr. Hart, a trillionaire dedicated to his personal immortality. Where is this thing called Mr. Hart? Precisely where, in the human nervous system, does this ugly death-sucking, death-dealing, death-fearing *thing* reside? Science gives only a tentative answer: the "ego" seems to be located in the midbrain at the top of the head. "Well," he thinks, "couldn't we just scoop it out of a healthy youth, throw his in the garbage where it belongs, and slide in MEEEEEEEE?" So he starts looking for a brain surgeon, a "scrambled egg" man, and he wants the best. When it comes to a short-order job old Doc Zeit is tops. He can switch eggs in an alley.

Mr. Hart embodies the competitive, acquisitive, success-minded spirit that formulated American capitalism. The logical extension of this ugly spirit is criminal. Success is its own justification. He who succeeds deserves to succeed; he is RIGHT. The operation is a success. The doctors have discreetly withdrawn. When a man wakes up in a beautiful new bod, he can flip out. It wouldn't pay to be a witness. Mr. Hart stands up and stretches luxuriously in his new body. He runs his hands over the lean young muscle where his potbelly used to be. All that remains of the donor is a blob of gray matter in a dish. Mr. Hart puts his hands on his hips and leans over the blob.

"And how wrong can *you* be? DEAD."

He spits on it and he spits ugly.

The final convulsions of a universe based on quantitative factors, like money, junk, and time, would seem to be at hand. The time approaches when no amount of money will buy anything and time itself will run out.

This is a parable of vampirism gone berserk. But all vampiric blueprints for immortality are wrong not only from the ethical standpoint. They are ultimately unworkable. In *Space Vampires* Colin Wilson speaks of benign vampires. Take a little, leave a little. But they always take more than they leave by the basic nature of the vampire process of inconspicuous but inexorable consumption. The vampire converts quality—live blood, vitality, youth, talent—into quantity—food and time for himself. He perpetrates the most basic betrayal of the spirit, reducing all human dreams to his shit. And that's the wrongest wrong a man can be.

Personal immortality in a physical body is impossible, since a physical body exists in time and time is that which ends. When someone says he wants to live forever, he forgets that forever is a time word. All three-dimensional immortality projects, to say the least, are ill-advised, since they always immerse the aspirant deeper in time.

The tiresome concept of personal immortality is predicated on the illusion of some unchangeable precious essence: greedy old MEEEEEEEE forever. But as the Buddhists say, there is no MEEEEEEEE, no unchanging ego.

What we think of as our ego is defensive reaction, just as the symptoms of an illness—fever, swelling, sweating—are the body's reaction to an invading organism. Our beloved ego, arising from the rotten weeds of lust and fear and anger, has no more continuity than a fever sweat. There is no ego; only a shifting process as unreal as the Cities of the Odor Eaters that dissolve in rain. A moment's introspection demonstrates that we are not the same as we were a year ago or a week ago. "What ever possessed me to do that?"

A step toward rational immortality is to break down the concept of a separate personal, and therefore inexorably mortal, ego. This opens many doors. Your spirit could reside in a number of bodies, not as some hideous parasite draining the host, but as helpful little visitor. "Roger the Lodger . . don't take up much room . . show you a trick or two . . never overstay my welcome."

Take fifty photos of the same person over an hour. Some of them will look so unlike the subject as to be unrecognizable. And some of them will look like some other person. "Why, he looks just like Khrushchev with one gold tooth peeking out."

The illusion of a separate, inviolable identity limits your perceptions and confines you in time. You live in other people and other people live in you—"visiting," we call it—and of course it's ever so much easier with one's Clonies.

When I first heard about cloning I thought, what a *fruitful* concept: why, one could be in a hundred different places at once and *experience* everything the other clones did. I am amazed at the outcry against this good thing not only from men of the cloth but also from scientists, the very scientists whose patient research has brought cloning within our grasp. The very thought of a clone disturbs these learned gentlemen. Like cattle on the verge of stampede, they paw the ground mooing apprehensively. "Selfness is an essential fact of life. The thought of human nonselfness is terrifying."

Terrifying to *whom*? Speak for yourself, you timorous old beastie cowering in your eternal lavatory. Too many scientists seem to be ignorant of the most rudimentary spiritual concepts. They tend to be suspicious, bristly, paranoid-type people with huge egos they push around like some elephantiasis victim with his distended testicles in a wheelbarrow, terrified, no doubt, that some skulking ingrate-of-a-clone student will sneak into their very brains and steal their genius work. The unfairness of it brings tears to his eyes as he peers anxiously through his bifocals.

Cloning isn't ego gone berserk. On the contrary, cloning is the end of the ego. For the first time, the spirit of man will be able to separate itself from the human machine, to see it and use it as a machine. He is no longer identified with one special Me machine. The human organism has become an artifact he can use like a plane, a boat, or a space capsule.

The poet John Giorno wondered if maybe a clone of a clone of a clone would just phase out into white noise like copies of copies of tape. As Count Korzybski used to say: "I don't know, let's see."

But ultimately, I postulate, true immortality can be found only in space. Space exploration is the only goal worth striving for. Over the hills and far away. You will know your enemies by those who attempt to block your path. Vampiric monopolists would keep you in time like their cattle. "It's a good thing cows don't fly," they say with an evil chuckle. The evil, intelligent Slave Gods.

The gullible, confused, and stupid pose an equal threat owing to the obstructive potential of their vast numbers. I have an interesting slip in my scrapbook. News clipping from the *Boulder Camera*. Picture of an old woman with a death's-head, false-teeth smile. She is speaking for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "WE OPPOSE CHILD ABUSE. INTEMPERANCE. AND IMMORTALITY."

The way to immortality is in space, and Christianity is buried under slag heaps of dead dogma, sniveling prayers; and empty prayers *must* oppose immortality in space as the counterfeit always fears and hates the real thing. Resurgent Islam . . . born-again Christians . . . creeds outworn . . . excess baggage . . . *'raus 'mit*!

Immortality is prolonged future, and the future of any artifact lies in the direction of increased flexibility capacity for change and ultimately mutation. Immortality may be seen as a by-product of function: "to *shine* in use." Mutation involves changes that are literally unimaginable from the perspective of the future mutant. Cold-blooded, nondreaming creatures living in the comparatively weightless medium of water could not conceive of breathing air, dreaming, and experiencing the force of gravity as a basic fact of life. There will be new fears like the fear of falling, new pleasures, and new necessities. There are distinct advantages to living in a supportive medium like water. Mutation is not a matter of logical choices.

The human mutants must take a step into the unknown, a step that no human being has ever taken before.

"We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

EDITORIAL

Another balmy day after a night of heavy rain, shiny cold streets, and a moody cab ride home: right out of the pages of this very magazine. But, about the new year, and the growth of *Heavy Metal*: like the now divorced parents of it all, *Les Humanoides Associés* (i.e., *associés* — related to; *humanoides* — like-human-but-not-the-same-as), this is a magazine defined more readily by what it isn't than by what it is. Entering its fifth year of publication, *HM* always offers the unexpected, and we sorta like that. We can always experiment and never feel as if we've broken a promise.

Okay, so we've got the who of it down pat. Corben is still going strong, and there's more Druillet to come, and Caza, Crepax, Bilal, Wrightson, and Chaykin, among others. And some who ain't here for the moment but will be back. Within the next few months, *Heavy Metal* will also publish some new European finds. Milo Manera, a young Italian artist, will make his American debut here. And Fernando Fernandez, the well-known Spanish fantasist, will adorn these pages. The European legacy remains. Fantasy. Science fiction. The absurd. The surreal. And a quality that descends from *bandes dessinées*, a French term that means maturity in a graphic, narrative form. *Heavy Metal*, in a sense, stands like a coin propped upright, precariously balanced.

And the coin could fall either way: toward being more of a magazine that in the coming months becomes an extension of the pop culture and acts with a sense of cultural significance. Or it could topple the other way. *HM* could remain a cult item, cherished by a few but smothered by the silence. We would prefer the former course, even if it does risk (as has happened in other magazines) popularization to the point of being pabulum. A fanzine this isn't: all it's predicated on refutes that. As an aesthetic replete with its own values, *bande dessinée* performs a neat sleight of hand with various McLuhanesque dicta about the postliterate culture and the message-izing of the medium. The brain tricks played here are of a certain kind: the immediacy of image and the deep mental action of print. Be ignited by it, or don't take it seriously at all, but it's no mere cultural juvenilia. And it takes a bunch of snail eaters like the French to figure it out. Howsabout that?

We know how much our lives are shaped by the arts; after all, it was the American public that elected an actor as president. As we begin to consider every manner of guest essay, new concepts using print and paper, and a solid stand behind our new review section (premiering next month), we're talking *Heavy Metal* talk. We're speaking the language of this magazine, because we're talking about quality—an attitude. A tone like a clear note ringing in the head, banging against radiant, resonant heavy metal.

The Eds

CHAIN MAIL

The following are four letters commenting on Harlan Ellison's "Fear Not Your Enemies" (HM, March 1981). The letters are unanswered. We decided to run them as is, with no last word or rebuttal from Mr. Ellison or our staff. We had our say; now it's your turn.

Dear *Heavy*:

I have never read anything so pointed and direct as Harlan Ellison's "Fear Not Your Enemies" (*Heavy Metal*, March). Indeed, it was a shock; I was confronted with an illumination of my psyche of almost six years ago when at age twenty I helped murder a man with a handgun. Ellison's portrayal of unlikely murderers is quite true, and fittingly describes many men I have known during my imprisonment.

Edward Yashinsky aptly placed much of the burden of guilt on the evil of indifference, while Ellison, reflecting on President Reagan's comment, hits hard at the central core, and is a vivid picture of the state of the situation on violence in this country. Yes, I'm guilty, much more so than most. But here's one who will be contacting Handgun Control, Incorporated.

As Ellison says, don't cry and moan for John Lennon and the multitude of others slain. I won't say I never cried for my victim, but does it help? Of course not. Since I am fortunate to be alive I can help kill indifference rather than people. The availability and abundance of handguns and their easy access is staggering when realized. My realization of it led to the untimely and wanton death of a man I never knew, and my sobering is guaranteed to continue for several years as my stay in prison continues. But this is not my story. This is to further credit Harlan Ellison and his commentary. Perhaps my hindsight may shore up worthy credibility to Ellison's perception, but a message is essentially needed to be given to all you would-be killers: you are already guilty, and Ellison has given you prudent advice, so do something about it.

Your life may depend on it, so don't lower yourself as I did.

Dan L. Rea
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear *Heavy Metal*,

Excuse me for living. Pardon my soul for buying my favorite magazine each month and reading it from cover to cover. I ask forgiveness from the Great White Harlan Ellison. His essay, in the March issue, confirms my belief that if you make something sound even remotely reasonable, use sensationalism to the max, and have a name that is already well known, you can get anything printed!

While it is regrettable that thousands of people die every day from the use of handguns, may I point out that people have been killing other people—innocent or otherwise —for thousands of years. Granted, a gun makes it a much easier and more impersonal death, but it is death just the same. Take away the guns and man will find other means

of killing his fellow man.

Does Mr. Ellison really believe that if we all get together and pool our hard-earned and much sweated over dollars in Washington, he, we, a group, or *anybody* is going to change human nature? Harlan, my boy, if you believe that, you are a bigger asshole than you believe us readers of *Heavy Metal* to be.

In case you haven't noticed, people of every size, shape, and social class commit these crimes: from the high-class asshole who watches "art films," to the stupid shithead who watches the "Dupes of Hazzard," to the readers of *Heavy Metal*. Your wasting two pages of my favorite magazine to call me a "good li'l heavymetal baby with Teflon'd nostrils" and complain about a quirk of human nature that's been a part of man since man has been on earth is the biggest well-written line of shit that I've ever read.

Steve McCormick
Germantown, Ohio

Dear *Heavy Metal* Folk:

Harlan Ellison's piece in your March issue prompts me to leave the silent majority of your readers and ask a question. Why print Mr. Ellison's diatribe? It addresses only a small portion of an immensely complex social problem, and does so in a needlessly vulgar manner.

From a personal standpoint, I am unimpressed with both his arguments and his ranting prose. Having already been treated to an essay on why he doesn't like his readers, I'm not surprised by his latest article. Clearly he feels the readership of *Heavy Metal* is composed of people who communicate solely in four-letter words, if at all.

I hate to collapse your house of cards, Harlan, but there are people out here who consider themselves at least on your level of compassion and understanding; some of them own handguns.

We do agree on one thing, though. John Lennon's death has no more value than do the hundreds of others that occur weekly in this country. We differ in our thoughts of what to do about it.

The Constitution of the United States grants the citizenry of this country the right to keep and bear arms. It makes no provision for the invasion of another person's life with those arms. President Reagan has a valid idea, perhaps the only one advanced so far: maximum, brutal sentences for those who commit crimes with weapons of any kind. This kind of deterrent will give the small-time professional criminal something to consider. You're right, Harlan, it won't do anything for the "crazy." But I think there are considerably fewer crazies than you'd like to believe.

The majority of handgun owners, myself included, are responsible cititzens. We maintain our weapons, and our proficiency with them, as a sport and against the day when ...God forbid...they represent the only practical way out of a life-threatening emergency.

Like it or not, Harlan, we live in a time when our societal structure fails to protect us. This is not the fault of the police, who can react only "after the fact." Much of the blame must be shared by a court system that places more value in the rights of the criminal than in those of the victim. It is the legacy of liberal government.

I have no intention of sending a donation to Handgun Control. Instead I'll spend more time perfecting my skills and passing them on to others, in the hopes of preventing a few of the accidental shootings that are bound to happen when the uninstructed handle firearms.

Mr. Ellison, I don't object that you have an opinion different from mine. I would defend your right to it, as the Constitution directs me to do. I do object to your self-righteous, vulgar airing of it in a magazine that I read with continued pleasure.

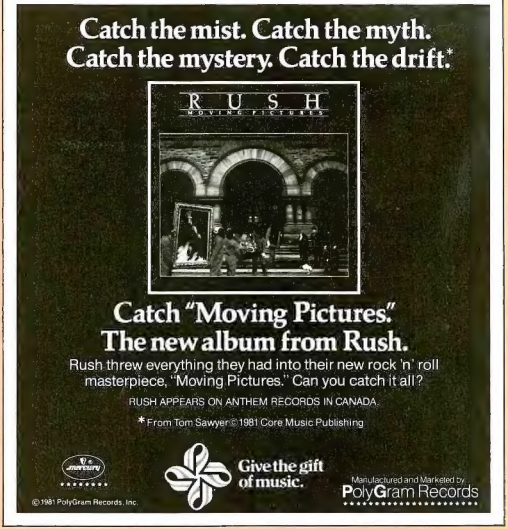
So, in closing ...in words I think you'll understand:

Listen up yourself, punk. Just 'cause you've discovered fuck...son of a bitch... and asshole, don't make you right. Just 'cause you've learned to make a loud noise in print don't make you even half-right.

Harly, baby...when you can guarantee me and mine the ability to walk unmolested through your new Utopia, you can have my guns. 'Til then, gasbag, you'll get 'em by prying them from my cold, dead hand.

Your spew of an article tells us you've had a tough time (I'm genuinely sorry for that); so have some of the rest of us. It ain't going to happen again, not without a fight. You can buck the odds if you want to...good luck. Go splash blood and words somewhere else, or maybe join the Moral Majority. They really dig on stump thumping.

Sincerely,
M. C. Dixon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Dear Mr. Ellison,

First of all, this is *not* a shitty little letter telling you how concerned I am and bitching because you ragged all of the readers of *Heavy Metal* out. Your treatise was obnoxious, but very effective. It got me so pissed off at you that I wrote a check and mailed it that day. I had had the address on the wall for about two weeks, meaning to do it when I got some more money, but you know how that goes—there never seems to be enough. So I finally cleaned out my bank account, regardless of the consequences. But does the fact that I wrote the Handgun Control people a check automatically exclude me from the "big conspiracy" headed by our dear Uncle Ron? I will grant you that it is a start, but is that all it takes?

You might ask the Handgun Control people what kind of response they got after the March issue came out. I would be interested. But I wonder if it will be enough. I just don't know. All we can do is hope that the people of this country will come out from behind their TV sets long enough to see what we are becoming, and do something about it. But don't hold your breath.

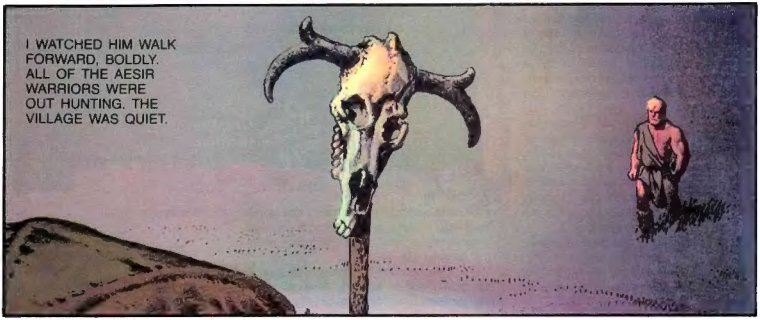
Sincerely yours,
Laura S. Warnelink

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S
BLOODSTAR

BY RICHARD CORBEN,
JOHN JAKES,
AND JOHN POCSIK

Brought before Byrdag, Bloodstar was forced to walk the Jaws of Ymir. Though he survived, he was banished from the encampment. On his journey to nowhere in particular, he met Grom and Helva, and together they set up camp. Soon afterward, Helva gave birth to their child, and the four of them lived in solitary bliss. The absence of Helva's father upset her greatly, and Bloodstar went off to find him for her. While he was gone, their campsite was ravaged, and Helva was attacked.

BLOODSTAR MUST HAVE FELT AN ODD ANXIETY AS HE MOVED TOWARD THE AESIR ENCAMPMENT, THE TENSION OF RETURNING TO A PLACE ONCE KNOWN AND LOVED AND NOW FORBIDDEN TO HIM.



WHAT MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH HIS MIND? HAD THE OLD MAN DIED? OR HAD HE LOST HIS CHIEFTAINSHIP? HIS HEART POUNDING, BLOODSTAR APPROACHED THE WAR CHIEF'S TENT.—

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, DEFILER? YOUR LIFE IS FORFEIT
BECAUSE OF HELVA, OLD ONE. SHE WISHES TO SEE YOU.
MY DAUGHTER? WHERE IS SHE?
A PLACE NOT FAR. WE CAN BE THERE BY EVENTIDE. I WILL CARRY YOU
FOOLISH GIRL WHO THREW EVERYTHING AWAY! WHY SHOULD I WISH TO SEE HER NOW?
I CAN THINK OF ONE SMALL REASON, BYRDAG.
EH?
YOU HAVE A GRANDSON. YOUR BLOOD LIVES ON.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! THE WAR CHIEF OF THE AESIR CAN STILL WALK!
I HEARD A LOW RUMBLE JUST NOW. WE'D BEST HASTEN IF WE DON'T WANT THE STORM TO OVERTAKE US.
THE QUIET WAS OPPRESSIVE. I FELT THE WEIGHT OF THE HEAVENS NEARLY BURST OPEN WITH THE DELUGE.

I SEE SOMETHING MOVING IN THE SHADOWS 'WARE PHANTOMS!
HOLD! IT'S ONLY POOR GROM!
WHY AREN'T YOU BACK AT THE HUT WITH HELVA? HUNTING BEEN THAT BAD?
SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING ON, BLOODSTAR. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HIT A THING. THE GAME IS UNNATURALLY ALERT AND FRIGHTENED... AND I'VE HAD TO DUCK AESIR HUNTERS, TOO! THEY'RE TRAVELING IN GROUPS OF FOUR AND FIVE TO THE EAST OF HERE.
THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE DISAPPEARANCES WE'VE HAD THIS PAST YEAR. MEN GO OUT... AND DO NOT COME BACK.
WE'D BETTER HURRY BACK SHE SHOULDN'T BE LEFT ALONE
WAIT A MOMENT. LISTEN!
WHAT?
I THOUGHT— NO, IT CAN'T BE! — BUT I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF PIPING...
FIRE TAKE YOUR IMAGINATION, GROM! HURRY!

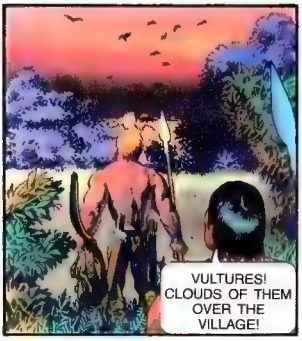
BLOODSTAR, WIDE-EYED, DASHED INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS WHILE I GUIDED BYRDAG.
HELVA! WHERE ARE YOU?
HELVA!
SSSSSS
KRAKABOOM!
SHE'S GONE, GROM! SHE'S BEEN TAKEN! AND LITTLE BLOODSTAR TOO!

CAN YOU SEE ANY TRACKS? ARE THERE ANY SIGNS TO FOLLOW?
I SEE— BLOOD!
OH, YE GODS OF WIND AND FIRE, PROTECT MY LOVE AND MY SON!

WAAAA!
WAAAA!
WELL, HELLO THERE, LITTLE ONE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS STORM? STOP CRYING — IT'S ONLY A LITTLE RAIN AND THUNDER
WAAAAAAA!
WE'LL FIND YOUR FATHER SOON, YMIR, BUT YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HELVA!
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THIS STORM TO PASS. LET'S GET YOU INTO SOME SHELTER.
THERE . . . SNUG AND WARM. THAT'S RIGHT, CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SLEEP. BYRDAG WILL WATCH OVER YOU.

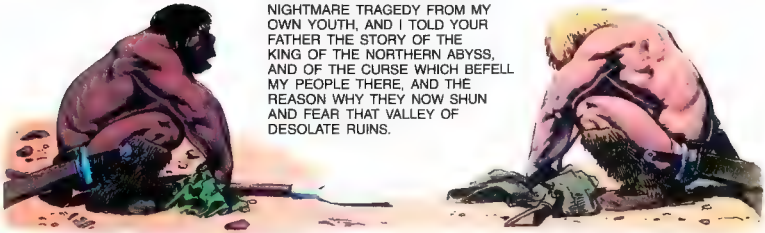
WE PASSED A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, COLD AND CRAMPED, AMID THE TANGLED ROOTS OF A FOREST GIANT. I HEARD MY FRIEND'S QUIET SOBS ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

AT FIRST LIGHT, WE EMERGED FROM THE DRIPPING TREES TO RENEW THE SEARCH. BUT WHATEVER TRAIL THERE WAS HAD BEEN WASHED AWAY. WE RANGED THE GRASSLANDS, LOOKING FOR SOME SIGN. AT LAST, WEARY AND DEPRESSED, BLOODSTAR DECIDED TO LOOK IN THE VICINITY OF THE AESIR ENCAMPMENT. IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW—



OUR HEARTS POUNDING, WE RACED FORWARD—

NOTHING WE HAD
EVER SEEN BEFORE
COULD HAVE PREPARED
US FOR THE HORROR
WE ENCOUNTERED NOW.

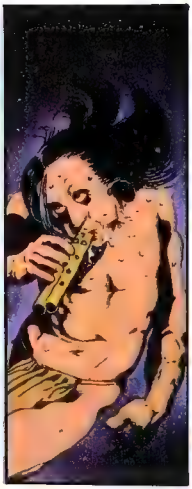

THE CARNAGE AROUND US CALLED TO MIND ANOTHER SCENE OF NIGHTMARE TRAGEDY FROM MY OWN YOUTH, AND I TOLD YOUR FATHER THE STORY OF THE KING OF THE NORTHERN ABYSS, AND OF THE CURSE WHICH BEFELL MY PEOPLE THERE, AND THE REASON WHY THEY NOW SHUN AND FEAR THAT VALLEY OF DESOLATE RUINS.

ONCE, I SAID TO HIM, FATHER'S FATHERS WANDERED INTO THAT VALLEY FROM THEIR REGULAR TERRITORY HUNTING WAS GOOD. SINCE THE AREA WAS FREE OF PREDATORS. THEY DECIDED TO SETTLE THERE IN THAT PEACEFUL VALLEY. BUT AFTER A FEW WEEKS, A WITHERING SICKNESS CAME OVER THEM. SOME DIED, AND THE ENTIRE CLAN WAS AFFECTED STRANGELY. OFFSPRING BORN WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF THOSE WALLS WERE DELIVERED EITHER DEAD OR HORRIBLY DEFORMED. THE NEW GENERATION OF JUNGLE PEOPLE DIFFERED VASTLY FROM THEIR PARENTS. OF SUCH STOCK CAME I.

ONE DAY, ONE OF THE WARRIORS WHO HAD THE SICKNESS, BUT LIVED, WAS EXPLORING THE CRUMBLING BUILDINGS, WHERE HE DISCOVERED A SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS WELL.

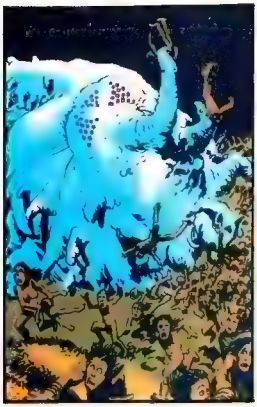
SOMETHING OVERCAME HIM THERE, SOMETHING WHICH TOOK OVER HIS MIND. HE RETURNED TO OUR CAMP OUTSIDE THE WALLS, LEAPING HIGH INTO THE AIR IN A DANCE OF MADNESS. ALL THE WHILE HE PLAYED A HYPNOTIC MELODY ON HIS PIPES

HIS COMRADES SHOUTED IN FEAR. HE GIBBERED AND DROOLED AND CACKLED INSANELY AS HE DANCED. HIS EYES ROLLED UP IN THEIR SOCKETS.

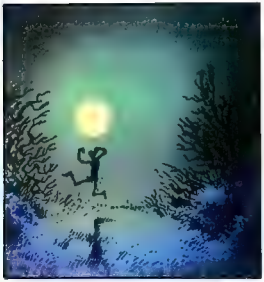


SUDDENLY SOMETHING TOWERED BEHIND HIM—

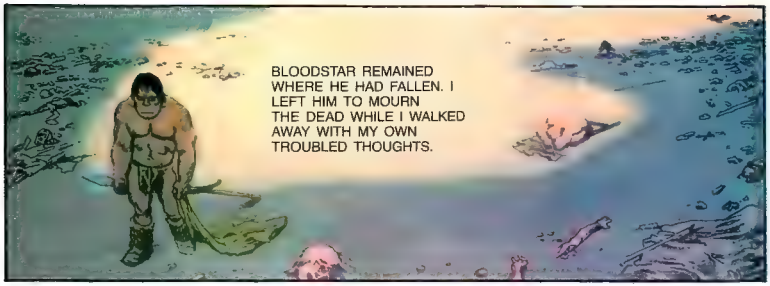
THE PULSING HORROR FLOWED INTO OUR MIDST, CRUSHING AND MANGLING. IT DEVOURED WHOLE GROUPS. I REMEMBER MY MOTHER FLED OUT OF THE VALLEY WITH THE REST. BEHIND US, THE MONSTER FEASTED. I CAN STILL HEAR THE DARKNESS SHATTERED BY THE SCREAMS OF ITS VICTIMS.



THE PITIFUL REMNANTS OF MY TRIBE AVOIDED THE PLACE AFTER THAT. BUT THEY WATCHED ITS BORDERS, LEST SOMETHING CREEP OUT OF THE NIGHT AFTER THEM. FOR MONTHS AFTERWARD THE MAD PIPER COULD BE SEEN DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT AS HE TRIED TO LURE US BACK.



I FEAR THE DEMON HAS RISEN FROM THE DEPTHS ONCE MORE TO DESTROY YOUR PEOPLE.
OH, YMIR! IS THIS ALSO THE FATE OF HELVA AND LITTLE BLOODSTAR?



AS THAT DREADFUL DAY PASSED, TOWARD RAVEN DUSK, I CROUCHED, HOPING FOR SOME SIGN OF LIFE. EVEN THE CARRION BIRDS WERE FRIGHTENED. I WAS WATCHING MY SHADOW LENGTHEN ALONG THE GROUND WHEN I HEARD BLOODSTAR STIR.

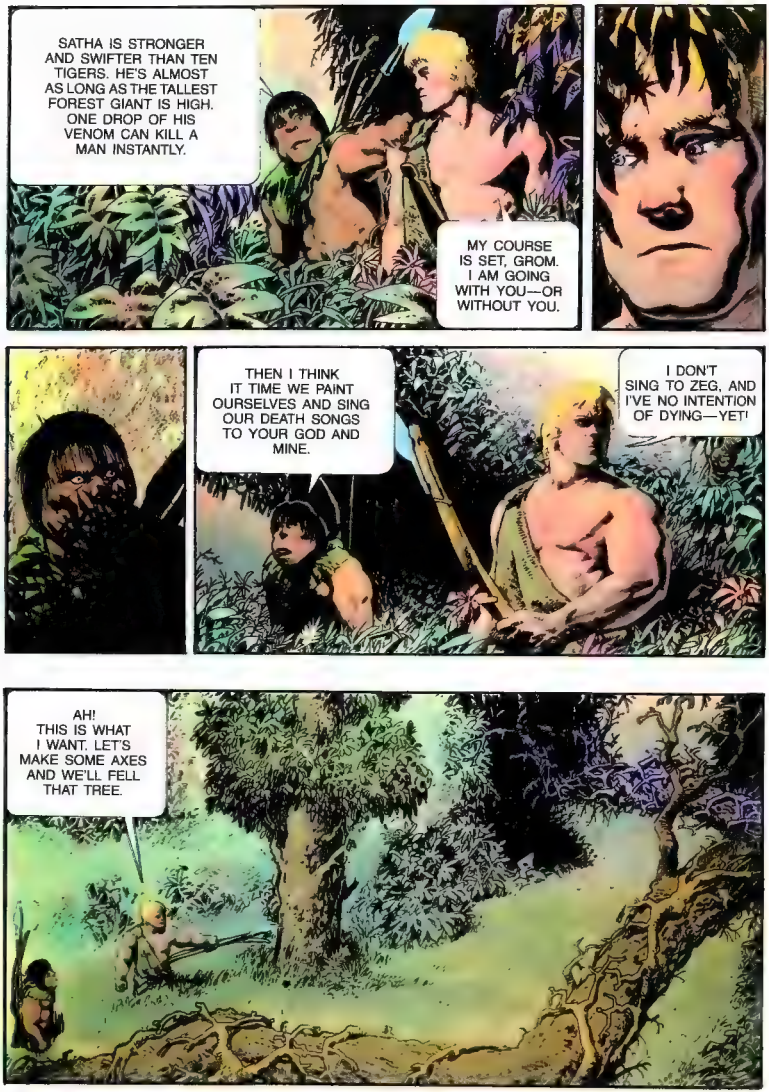
COME, MY FRIEND, LET'S LEAVE. I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO NOW.

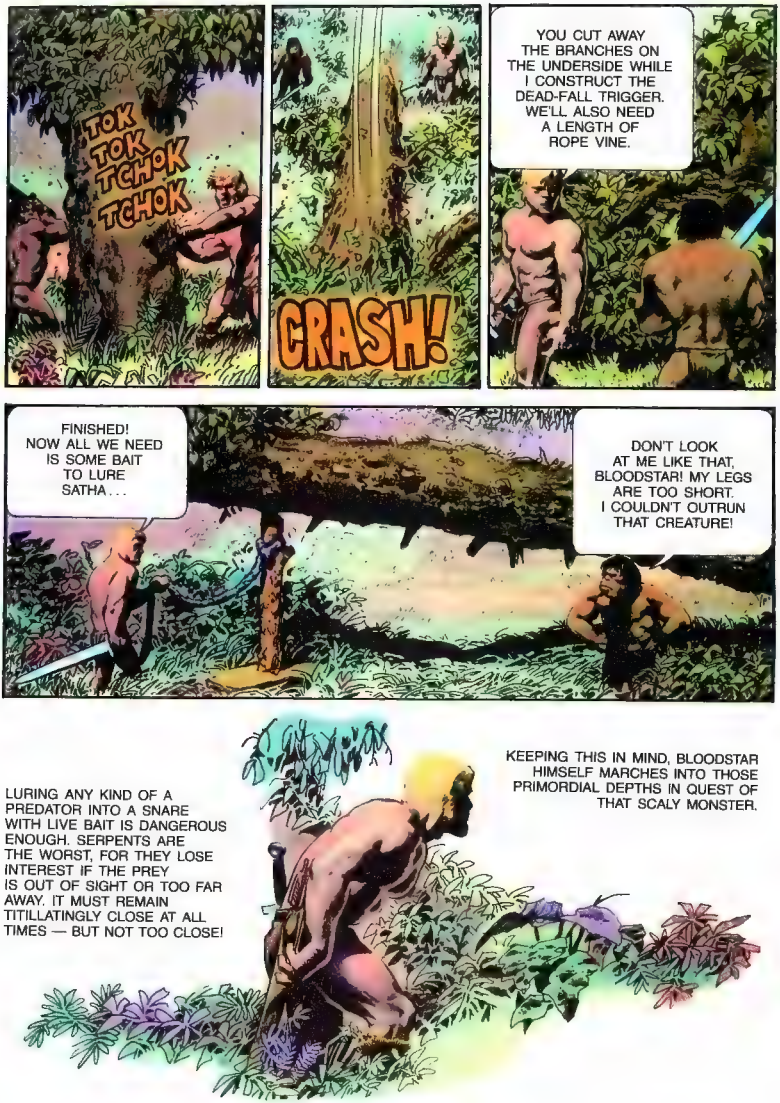
I CAN'T LEAVE THEM LIKE THIS. HELP ME BUILD A FUNERAL PYRE.

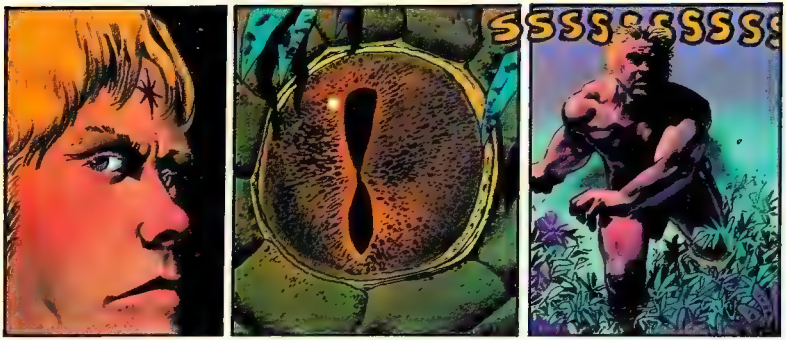
IT WAS HARD WORK TO FIND WOOD DRY ENOUGH TO BURN. I SHUDDERED AS WE GATHERED THOSE PITIFUL HUMAN REMAINS AND PLACED THEM ON THE PYRE.

IT IS DONE! NOW I MUST FIND SATHA. I NEED HIS POISON FOR THE TASK I HAVE IN MIND.

I SILENTLY FOLLOWED YOUR FATHER BACK INTO THE FOREST, CERTAIN HE HAD GONE MAD WITH GRIEF. BUT HE MUST HAVE SENSED MY THOUGHTS, FOR HE PLACED HIS HAND UPON MY SHOULDER AND ASSURED ME THAT HIS MIND WAS STILL HIS OWN. A DAY AND A NIGHT'S MARCH TOOK US DEEP INTO THE SEETHING, ROTTING SWAMP.


SATHA IS STRONGER AND SWIFTER THAN TEN TIGERS. HE'S ALMOST AS LONG AS THE TALLEST FOREST GIANT IS HIGH. ONE DROP OF HIS VENOM CAN KILL A MAN INSTANTLY.
MY COURSE IS SET, GROM. I AM GOING WITH YOU—OR WITHOUT YOU.
THEN I THINK IT TIME WE PAINT OURSELVES AND SING OUR DEATH SONGS TO YOUR GOD AND MINE.
I DON'T SING TO ZEG, AND I'VE NO INTENTION OF DYING—YET!
AH! THIS IS WHAT I WANT. LET'S MAKE SOME AXES AND WE'LL FELL THAT TREE.


TOK TOK TCHOK TCHOK
CRASH!
YOU CUT AWAY THE BRANCHES ON THE UNDERSIDE WHILE I CONSTRUCT THE DEAD-FALL TRIGGER. WE'LL ALSO NEED A LENGTH OF ROPE VINE.
FINISHED! NOW ALL WE NEED IS SOME BAIT TO LURE SATHA...
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BLOODSTAR! MY LEGS ARE TOO SHORT. I COULDN'T OUTRUN THAT CREATURE!
LURING ANY KIND OF A PREDATOR INTO A SNARE WITH LIVE BAIT IS DANGEROUS ENOUGH. SERPENTS ARE THE WORST, FOR THEY LOSE INTEREST IF THE PREY IS OUT OF SIGHT OR TOO FAR AWAY. IT MUST REMAIN TITILLATINGLY CLOSE AT ALL TIMES — BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!
KEEPING THIS IN MIND, BLOODSTAR HIMSELF MARCHES INTO THOSE PRIMORDIAL DEPTHS IN QUEST OF THAT SCALY MONSTER.



THE RUSH OF THE SERPENT'S SUPPLE BODY BEHIND HIM WAS LIKE THE SWEEP OF THE WIND THROUGH TALL GRASS. HIS BREATH BURNING IN HIS CHEST, HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF ME...

To Be Continued

THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
...AND I AM
GREETINGS. WELCOME AGAIN TO OUR SAGA OF THE OLD WEST. THE FAITHFUL READER WILL RECALL THAT THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS HAS BEEN BESET BY A SERIES OF UNTOWARD EVENTS FOLLOWING THE ARRIVAL OF A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, AND THAT OLD DOC MASON HAS GONE FOR HELP...
OLD MAN, I'D SAY YOU FLAT WORKED OFF A HEAP O' KARMA TONIGHT. DRINK THIS.
WHO...
I AM THE ONE THE FALL
TEX ARCANA
TEX ARCANA
PART THREE
TEX ARCANA? THEN YOU'RE YOU'RE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR.
AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT
NO SHE SAVED YOUR LIFE...UM.
YOUR LIFE, AND A WHOLE HELLUVA LOT MORE.
BUT, TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU? WHY WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?
AND JUST WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN ON OVER AT HANGMAN'S CORNERS?
©1981 John Findley

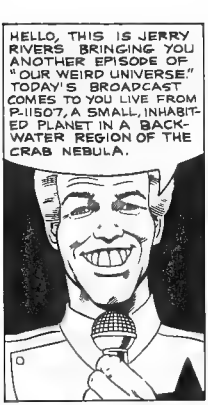
AS DOC BEGINS HIS BIZARRE TALE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS ARE ENCOUNTERING A SCENE OF CHILLING CHAOS, DOWN AT
MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE
JEST LOOK AT THIS-HERE MESS, SHERIFF!
WHUT COULDA HAPPENED?
LORD GOD! (HIC) DON'T MAKE ME LOOK! (SOB) ARE THEY ALL OF 'EM DEAD? (HIC) (SOB)
LOOKY THEAH! SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' UNNER THET-THEAH TABLE!
NAH, THEY'S MOST OF 'EM JEST PASSED OUT, IS ALL
WHY IT'S GERHARDT WHAT HAPPENED HERE, GERHARDT?
HEY! WHERE'S MARIA? I CAN'T FIND HER ANYWHERE!
GOS-KET FOGGERED, SHERIFF! MORE O'THEM WEIRD L-L HOLES
OHHH... DAHT FOKKINK FOMPIER!
HERE, GIMME A HAND, FAST!
YEAH, LET'S HELP HIM UP!
SOMEBODY, GERHARDT! SOME COFFEE FER TH' SHERIFF!
DAHT FOKKINK FOMPIER, HE HE TECK MARIAVISS HIM UND UND RUN AUS INTER DIE NIGHT! SEHR ENTSETZLICH!
HUH?
WHAT??
EASY, GERHARDT, IT'S OKAY, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER YOU'VE FIXED TH' SHERIFF SOME COFFEE
BLANCHE'S COMIN' 'ROUND!
WHAT HAPPENED, BLANCHE HONEY?
OH! CHICO! STOP! STOP! DON'T, STOP! OHH...
CHICO?
IS SHE SAYIN' CHICO?
WELL, SHE DON'T MEAN CHICO FRIPADILLO, 'CAUSE HE'S JUST DEADER'N MOSS ON A HORN TOAD!
HUH? DEADER'N WHAT?
JAWOHL! CHICO FRIPADILLO DAHT FOKKINK FOMPIER!
SHORE WISHED AH KNOWED WHAT THE HELL HE WUZ SAYIN'!
UGH! YUCK! (BURP)
DAMMIT, BILL, DIDN'T I TELL YA THERE'S SOME PURDY FUNNY STUFF GOIN' ON IN THIS-HERE TOWN.
YEAH, AN' SADIE'S BACK AT MY PLACE ALONE AN' SICK.
GOO-DEEVNING...
OH IT'S YOU

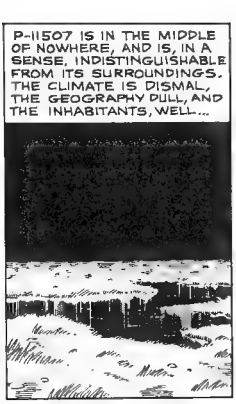
SADIE!
UH?
WHERE IS THE RING I GAVE YOU?
YOU GAVE IT TO THAT FOOLISH OLD MAN... THAT "DOCTOR" DIDN'T YOU?
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
NO REASON TO GET SO UGLY!

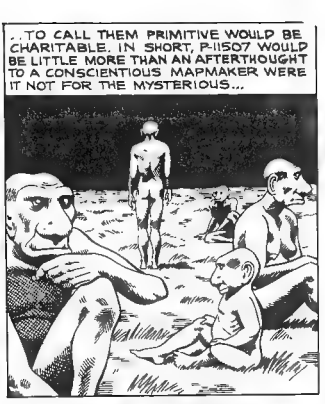
MEANWHILE, BACK AT TEX ARCANA'S PLACE, DOC IS WINDING UP HIS BIZARRE TALE AND FEELING A LITTLE MORE ON TOP OF THINGS ...
SO, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT IT MIGHT BE...
OH, DARE I SAY IT ?
IT'S SO FARFETCHED
SAY IT. SAY IT !
. . THAT IT MIGHT BE A VAMPIRE !
THERE. I SAID IT FOOL THAT I AM.
NO, FOOL YOU ARE NOT, 'CAUSE I UH, WE . . FIGGERED THE SAME THING.
AND HE'S NOT ONLY GOIN' AROUND SUCKIN' FOLKS' BLOOD, BUT HE'S SOMEHOW PICKED UP AN UNFORTUNATE DISEASE !
NOT YOU KNOW. ?
Untrumpasum syntufra !
THAT VERY ONE AND HE'S GIVEN IT TO SADIE
ALONG WITH THIS RING
My God-
Swiße manfuitan

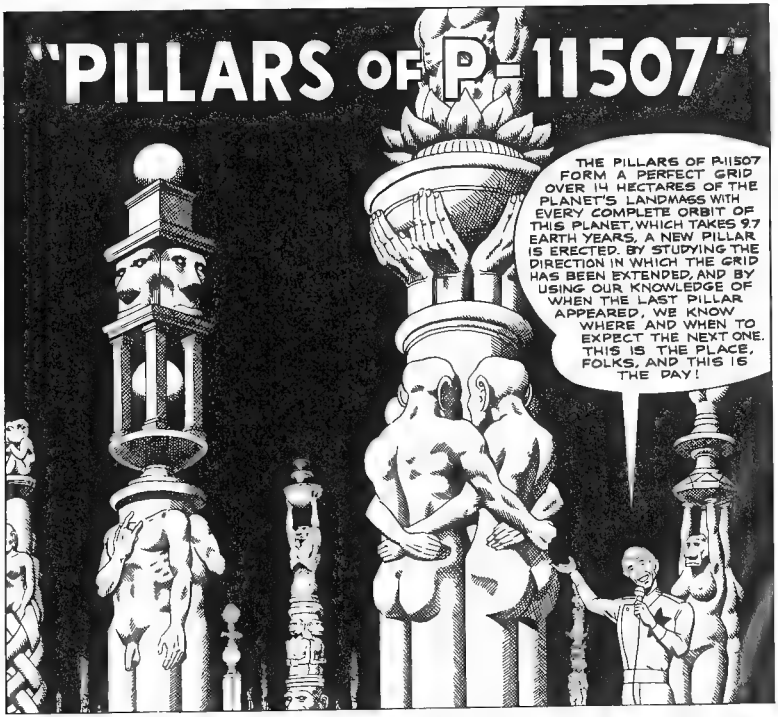
HERE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT. THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN ON IT IN A LANGUAGE I NEVER SAW BEFORE
WHAT THE..?
....ætiewe þē

WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE AT THE END OF ANOTHER EPISODE AND STILL NO HELP FOR THE UNFORTUNATE RESIDENTS OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS. WILL **TEX** GET CRANKED UP AND COME TO THEIR RESCUE, OR WILL AID COME IN THE GUISE OF THE MYSTERIOUS **LADY IN WHITE**, WHO IS EVEN NOW PERFORMING SOME SORT OF WEIRD "ONE RING CEREMONY"? FIND OUT IN OUR NEXT EPISODE OF **TEX ARCANA!**

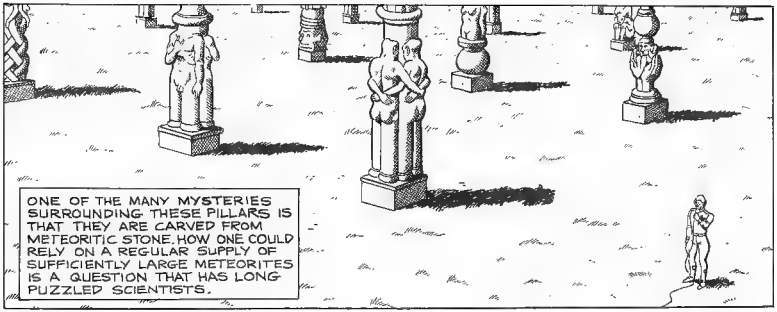

HELLO, THIS IS JERRY RIVERS BRINGING YOU ANOTHER EPISODE OF "OUR WEIRD UNIVERSE." TODAY'S BROADCAST COMES TO YOU LIVE FROM P-11507, A SMALL, INHABITED PLANET IN A BACKWATER REGION OF THE CRAB NEBULA.

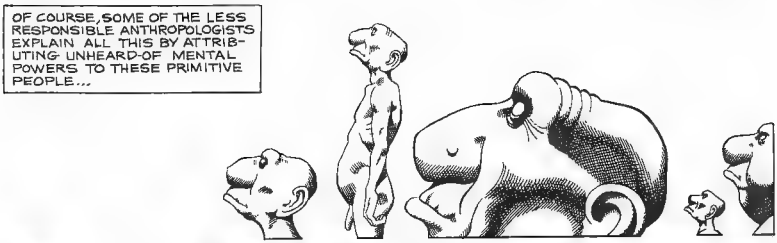

P-11507 IS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, AND IS, IN A SENSE, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ITS SURROUNDINGS. THE CLIMATE IS DISMAL, THE GEOGRAPHY DULL, AND THE INHABITANTS, WELL...

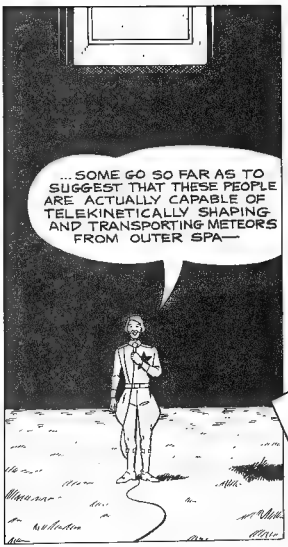

..TO CALL THEM PRIMITIVE WOULD BE CHARITABLE. IN SHORT, P-11507 WOULD BE LITTLE MORE THAN AN AFTERTHOUGHT TO A CONSCIENTIOUS MAPMAKER WERE IT NOT FOR THE MYSTERIOUS...

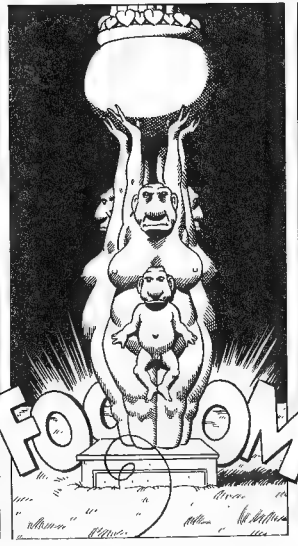

"PILLARS OF P-11507"
THE PILLARS OF P-11507 FORM A PERFECT GRID OVER 14 HECTARES OF THE PLANET'S LANDMASS WITH EVERY COMPLETE ORBIT OF THIS PLANET, WHICH TAKES 9.7 EARTH YEARS, A NEW PILLAR IS ERECTED. BY STUDYING THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE GRID HAS BEEN EXTENDED, AND BY USING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF WHEN THE LAST PILLAR APPEARED, WE KNOW WHERE AND WHEN TO EXPECT THE NEXT ONE. THIS IS THE PLACE, FOLKS, AND THIS IS THE DAY!

SO PLEASE STAY WITH ME FOR TODAY'S PROGRAM, IN WHICH I WILL FIND OUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE PILLARS AND HOW THEY ARE ERECTED.
I WILL DO THIS BY STAKING OUT THE EXACT SPOT ON WHICH THE NEXT PILLAR IS DUE THIS VERY DAY!
I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS UNIQUE ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY AS MUCH AS I WILL. HOW A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHOSE TECHNOLOGY HAS NOT YET ENCOMPASSED THE LOINCLOTH, MUCH LESS THE WHEEL, COULD CARVE AND TRANSPORT MASSIVE OBELISKS IS A FASCINATING QUESTION, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE.
OUR LIVE CAMERAS WILL CLOSELY MONITOR THE NATIVES, TO SEE IF AND HOW THEY ACCOMPLISH THIS AMAZING FEAT.
HOW CAN WE ASCRIBE AUTHORSHIP OF THESE PILLARS TO PEOPLE WHO WOULD REGARD A PIT LATRINE AS AN ENGINEERING MARVEL? ON OUR LIVE CAMERA WE SEE THEM, SITTING OR STANDING, SILENT, BARELY MOVING, SHOWING RECOGNITION OF NEITHER OUR PRESENCE NOR THE MOMENTOUS OCCASION. MOST ANTHROPOLOGISTS HAVE LONG SINCE GIVEN UP ON THESE PEOPLE, UNABLE TO FIND EVIDENCE OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING A CULTURE IN ANY PROPER SENSE, NOT EVEN A SPOKEN LANGUAGE.
EARLY THEORIES WERE THAT THESE PILLARS WERE THE WORK OF A PREVIOUS, ADVANCED CULTURE THAT SOMEHOW DEGENERATED TO ITS PRESENT STATE, BUT, AS WE KNOW, NEW PILLARS APPEAR EVERY PLANETARY YEAR. AND SO, THE MYSTERY CONTINUES...


ONE OF THE MANY MYSTERIES SURROUNDING THESE PILLARS IS THAT THEY ARE CARVED FROM METEORITIC STONE. HOW ONE COULD RELY ON A REGULAR SUPPLY OF SUFFICIENTLY LARGE METEORITES IS A QUESTION THAT HAS LONG PUZZLED SCIENTISTS.


OF COURSE, SOME OF THE LESS RESPONSIBLE ANTHROPOLOGISTS EXPLAIN ALL THIS BY ATTRIBUTING UNHEARD-OF MENTAL POWERS TO THESE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE...


...SOME GO SO FAR AS TO SUGGEST THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF TELEKINETICALLY SHAPING AND TRANSPORTING METEORS FROM OUTER SPA—



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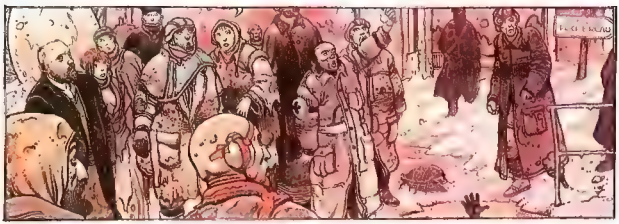
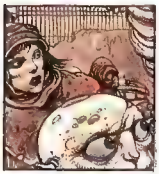
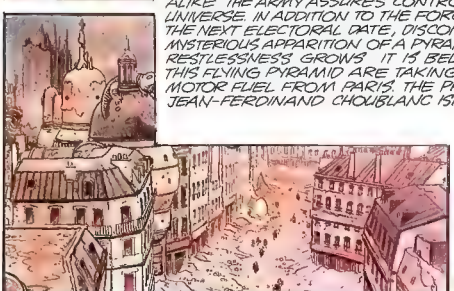
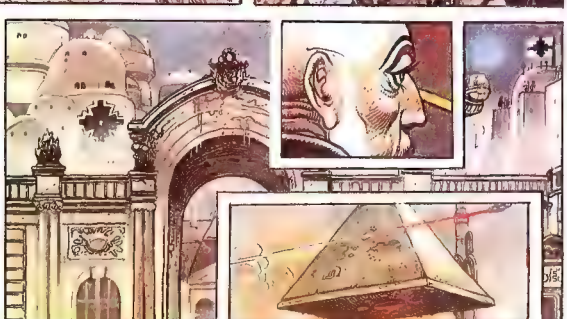
THE IMMORTALS' FETE





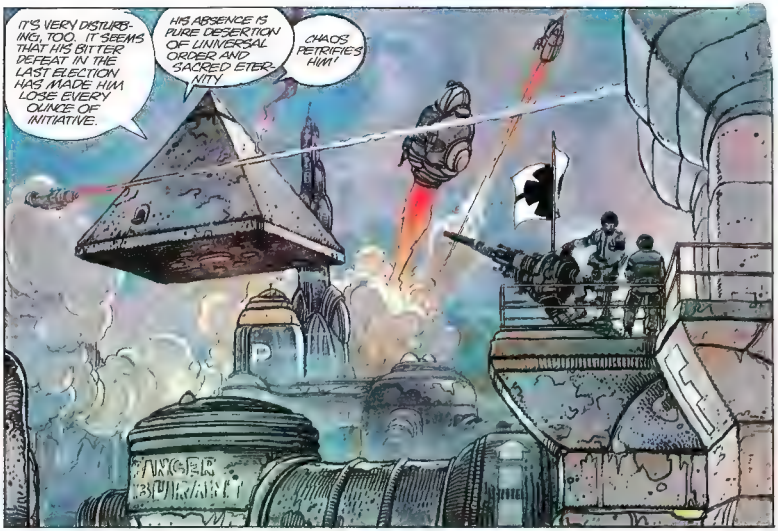
PARIS — THE BEGINNING OF MARCH, 2023. AN ELECTORAL MASQUERADE IS IN PROGRESS. NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED IN THIS IMMENSE PARISIAN CITY. IT IS POLITICALLY, AS IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN, AUTONOMOUS, AND IRREPARABLY FASCIST. THE SEGREGATION OF THE CITY INTO TWO SECTS REVEALS A DEFINITELY SOCIALLY RETARDED STATE. THE FIRST GROUP, WHICH FORMS THE NUCLEUS, SHELTERS THE PREFERRED SOCIETY, A MILITIA AND THE RULING CLASS. THE SECOND SURROUNDS THE FIRST AND STRETCHES OUT UNTIL IT CAN'T BE SEEN. SINCE THE INSTALLATION OF AN ENORMOUS ASTROPORT, IT HAS BECOME THE CROSSROADS FOR ADVENTURERS AND EXTRATERRESTRIAL TYPES ALIKE. THE ARMY ASSURES CONTROL AND SECURITY FOR THIS TORN UNIVERSE. IN ADDITION TO THE FORCED EXCITEMENT GENERATED OVER THE NEXT ELECTORAL DATE, DISCONTENT HAS SPREAD OWING TO THE MYSTERIOUS APPARITION OF A PYRAMID-SHAPED SPACESHIP. GENERAL RESTLESSNESS GROWS. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS FLYING PYRAMID ARE TAKING ASTRONOMICAL QUANTITIES OF MOTOR FUEL FROM PARIS. THE PRUDENT SILENCE OF GOVERNOR JEAN-FERDINAND CHOUBLANC ISN'T REASSURING.



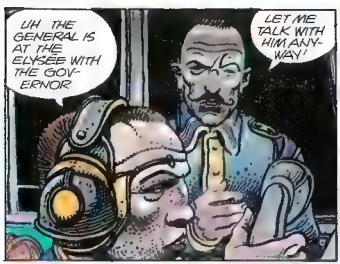


MATIGNON AVENUE. I'LL BUY IT!
THAT'LL BE 22,000 FRANCS.
JDANT
WAIT! I HAVE A MONOPOLY. I'M GOING TO BUILD TWO HOUSES ON EACH
15,000 FOR EACH HOUSE.
I QUIT!
ME, TOO! FORGET IT! BY ACCEPTING THIS STUPID GAME FROM THE HUMANS, WE'RE BEGINNING TO ALTER OUR POSITION OF INTRANSIGENCE. THIS JEAN-FERDINAND CHOUBLANC
IS TRYING TO CORRUPT US!
I AGREE WITH THOTH, ANUBIS! THIS GAME SPAWNS TYPICALLY HUMAN DESIRES, ALIEN TO OUR COMMUNITY
WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THAT, BAST?
I BELIEVE THAT WE ARE INDEED LOWERING OURSELVES TO IMITATE HUMAN BEHAVIOR...
GOOD..THEN LET'S DESTROY IT... BES!?
DID YOU CALL FOR ME, SIR?
BURN THIS GAME!
2

AND WE, NOBLE FRIENDS, GODS AMONG GODS, POWERFUL AMONG THE POWERFUL, LET'S REVIEW THE SERIOUS PROBLEM THAT HAS IMMOBILIZED US ABOVE THIS CITY
WE ALREADY KNOW THAT THIS CHOUBLANC, A RIDICULOUS HUMAN ENTITY, I MIGHT ADD, WILL NOT YIELD ONE DROP OF HIS PRECIOUS FUEL TO US IF WE CONTINUE TO REJECT HIS IGNOBLE DEAL
THIS IS A PROBLEM!
OH! THAT THE FIRES OF HELL WOULD STRIKE HIM DOWN!
LET'S WAIT FOR THE ELECTION RESULTS. WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE A BETTER CHANCE NEGOTIATING WITH THE NEW GOVERNOR
WE'LL STAY PUT UNTIL WE SPEAK WITH HIM
HORUS, WERE YOU ABLE TO CONTACT HIM? OR DO WE AT LEAST KNOW WHERE HE IS?
NO. HAVEN'T FOUND OUT ANYTHING ON THAT!
AND FRANKLY I'M WORRIED
VLOUFFF


IT'S VERY DISTURBING, TOO. IT SEEMS THAT HIS BITTER DEFEAT IN THE LAST ELECTION HAS MADE HIM LOSE EVERY OUNCE OF INITIATIVE.
HIS ABSENCE IS PURE DESERTION OF UNIVERSAL ORDER AND SACRED ETERNITY
CHAOS PETRIFIES HIM!
ANGER BURNS!

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, COMMANDER. IT SEEMS TO BE FLYING.
DON'T LOSE HIM. AND GET ME GENERAL VERTEGOUTTE IMMEDIATELY!
TO THE CENTER OF THE CITY WAIT, THE RADIO IS FADING IN AND OUT


UH. THE GENERAL IS AT THE ELYSEE WITH THE GOVERNOR
LET ME TALK WITH HIM ANYWAY!

WELL, THEN, BEAT HIM IF HE CONTINUES TO STAY SILENT. REMIND HIM THAT HIS ATTITUDE VIOLATES THE HEAVENS... WHAT? TAKE THIS OCCASION TO DEMONSTRATE THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR AIR FORCES. IT'S NECESSARY TO REASSURE AND IMPRESS THE PEOPLE BEFORE THE ELECTIONS WELL, THAT'S IT.
KEEP ME UP TO DATE

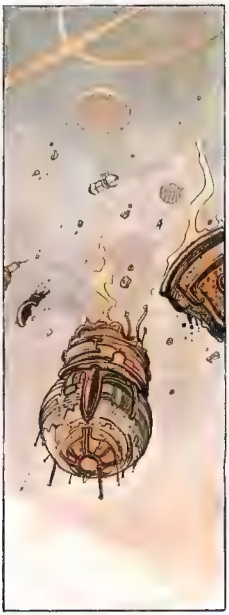
PROBLEMS, GENERAL?
NO, NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, MR GOVERNOR SIMPLY A QUESTION OF ROUTINE FOR THE AIR MILITIA
A BIT MORE KOHL ON THE EYES, PLEASE!
LIKE THIS?
MMM PERFECT, PERFECT. YOU MAY GO, GIRLS
WELL, I'M INTERESTED IN HEARING YOUR CONCLUSION, MY FRIEND.
THE MINISTER OF FINANCE HAS ARRIVED
WELL, THEN, LET HIM IN. MY DEAR GENERAL, PLEASE TAKE CARE OF MY DEAR BROTHER, HIS HOLINESS THEODUL THE FIRST.
I WON'T BE LONG
I BELIEVE HE WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU!
I WON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, MR. GOVERNOR, THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD. THESE 'BEINGS' ARE AFTER OUR FUEL AND THEY DON'T INTEND TO PAY ANY KIND OF DEAL WITHOUT MONETARY REMUNERATION WILL BE COSTLY AND EMBARRASSING!
LISTEN, THE ODD NATURE OF THIS DEAL AND ANY REPERCUSSIONS WHICH I'M EXPECTING ARE MY PROBLEMS! AS TO THE FINANCIAL LOSS THAT YOU SEEM TO FEAR, THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO MAKE UP FOR IT. NEW TAXES ON THE ANNEXED ZONES OF THE SECOND WARD.
AND, OF COURSE, POLITICALLY UNSTABLE
WAR WITH VARIOUS EASTERN CITIES WHOSE ARMIES ARE INEPT, AND YET EVEN MORE!
FOR THE MOMENT, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF SUCH A TRAVESTY IS LIKELY. WILL OUR PRESENT FUEL RESERVES HOLD OUT?

ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, IT'S POSSIBLE—ALTHOUGH WE MUST BEGIN TO PLAN FOR THE FUTURE. WAR WOULD BRING IN A STEADY INCOME AND KEEP US AFLOAT
SSSH. SSH. CALM DOWN, GOGOL, CALM DOWN!
PERFECT, DEAR FRIEND. NEGOTIATIONS CAN NOW BEGIN WITH THIS JACKAL ANUBIS AND HIS LOW COURT. YOU MAY GO
GOGOL!
GOD WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HIS OWN IN THIS TEST OF STRENGTH, JEAN-FERDINAND CHOUBLANC, GOVERNOR OF PARIS! GO! FIGHT AGAINST THIS UNCONTROLLED COALITION OF HELLHOUNDS, THESE IRREVERENT PAGANS WHO DARE TO PROCLAIM THEMSELVES DIVINE AND ETERNAL

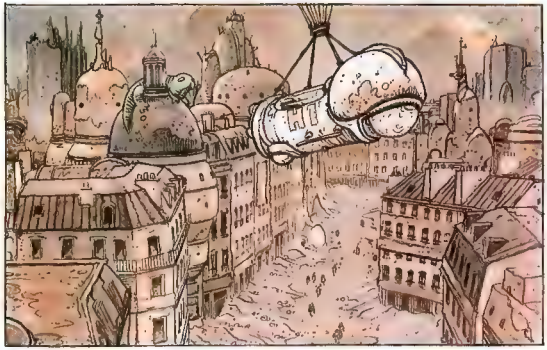
YOU MUST, FOR THE SAKE OF OUR SACRED CITY, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ITS RACIAL PURITY, AND IN THE INTEREST OF EACH AND EVERY CITIZEN, CARRY OUT, IN THE NAME OF GOD, YOUR NOBLE MISSION...
PFFFF
THESE... UH... THESE CHERUBS, ARE THEY COMING WITH US, MR. GOVERNOR?
AH, YES, GENERAL
MY POOR BROTHER, THEODUL THE FIRST, TALKS COMPLETE NONSENSE. HE BELIEVES THAT THESE LITTLE WINGED BEASTS, ORIGINALLY FROM OUR COLONY OF PIPHOLA, WERE SENT TO HIM BY GOD HIMSELF... ANGELS, IN A WAY
ANGELS, TO WATCH OVER ME AND EXORCISE THESE SUPPOSED EGYPTIAN DIVINITIES, OBVIOUSLY. HE HASN'T DISMISSED HIS OH! SO PIOUS CONCEPTION OF A UNIQUE AND INDIVIDUAL GOD!
I SEE

THEYRE STILL PERCHED ON THE EIFFEL TOWER! DAMN, THOSE HORRIBLE BLOODSUCKING ZUBINUBIENNES!!!
ALAS, MR GOVERNOR

THREE OR FOUR THOUSAND METERS HIGHER UP...
OBJECT AT 2 O'CLOCK HIGH AT 4 O'CLOCK
WHAT IS PREHISTORIC ARTIFACT SPACE CAPSULE
I DON'T KNOW! CAREFUL, I'M GOING TO FIRE!
GO AHEAD!



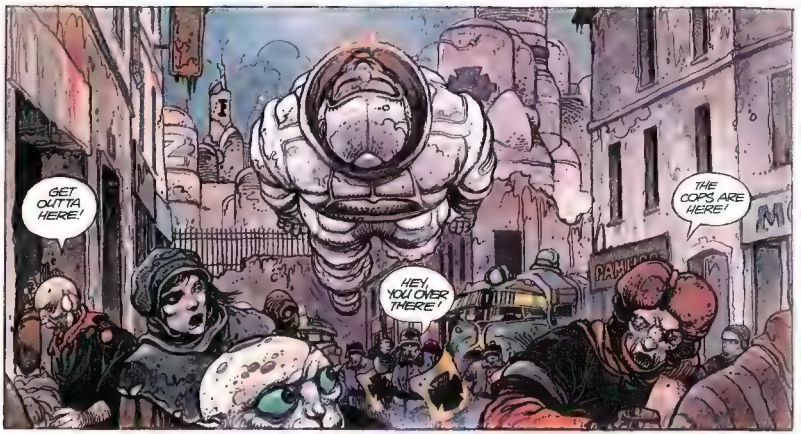
NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN TO PLAY! TWO PARACHUTES AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK! ONE OF THEM IS VERY SUSPECT, ABOVE THE SECOND WARD SOUTH.



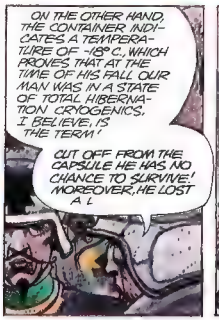
WHAT IS THAT?
THE DESTRUCTION OF HEAVEN? MAYBE A MESSAGE OF HOPE?
FEAR! GO BACK!
GARGOUILLE
MAGIE CURATIVE
10

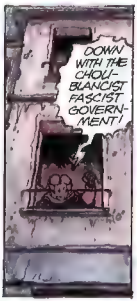
SCRASH
LOOK! HIS LEG IS COMPLETELY FROZEN!
HE'S CRAZY!
YOU'RE CRAZY, HE'S FROZEN!
GO BACK, SATAN!
REFRIGERATED?
DEEP-FROZEN?

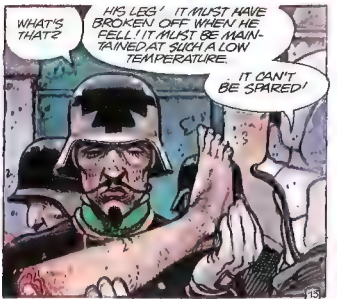
HE'S A PRODUCT OF SATAN! A FLYSPECK OF THE DEVIL! GO BACK
ROAARGH
HEAVENS!
WHO IS IT?!?
BIRD O' FIRE!
ARSH!
O GOD
SO THERE!
DON'T BLOCK MY WAY!
VLOUFF
AND NOW HE FLIES?
NOT POSSIBLE!
CAREFUL! THUH MILITIA'S COMIN'!
HEAVENS, OF HEAVENS! THAT'S MIRACULOUS! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!



HERE'S THE CONTAINER. A HIBERNATION CONTAINER DATING, IN MY OPINION, BACK TO AROUND 1990 BUT IT'S EMPTY! THE OCCUPANT HAS DISAPPEARED! BY HEDGE-HOPPING THROUGH THE ALLEYS OF THIS PESTILENTIAL CESSPOOL, NO DOUBT! IT'S INEXPLICABLE!
SO?
HIS SUIT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEEN EQUIPPED WITH ANY KIND OF COMPULSION SYSTEM!


ON THE OTHER HAND, THE CONTAINER INDICATES A TEMPERATURE OF -18° C, WHICH PROVES, THAT AT THE TIME OF HIS FALL OUR MAN WAS IN A STATE OF TOTAL HIBERNATION CRYOGENICS, I BELIEVE, IS THE TERM!
OUT OFF FROM THE CAPSULE HE HAS NO CHANCE TO SURVIVE! MOREOVER, HE LOST A L





TO BE CONTINUED.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz" the highly praised "Sheila" the beginning of Davis's "World Apart" Moebius Corben Bode, more. ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow" also the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins. The Long Tomorrow" concludes and "World Apart" and Den" continue. ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more "World Apart," Den," and "Polonius." ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," Den" and Polonius" back again, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius. ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update "Ulysses" "Conquering Armies" concludes "Den" continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of Barbarella" wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius, Corben, etc. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm, and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9" and "Barbarella" gives birth while "Den" wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces "Sharkrazad" Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated more "Barbarella" and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella" a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail" and yet more "Heilman," "Orion" "More Than Human" and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad" Moebius's "Major Heilman," "Orion" "Lone Sloane" or "Gail" and Harlan Ellison too. ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: Exterminator 17" Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of Mc Kie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Dreamy Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator" "Major Grubert," "Heilman" a final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking is full with "Orion" Kirchner's "Tarot" and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic" "Starcrown" Corben's "Sindbad" McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" plus Moebius' Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination" "Starcrown" Ellison's state show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust" the "Alien" portfolio and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more. ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dance") and a Prudhoe joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty four pages of "Captain Future" plus more illustrated "Alien" and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Ringe debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City" plus Mayerik" Suydam" Galactic Geographic," Bode more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis" and "Little Red Vic" alongside Montalbo and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks" Brunner's "Elric" Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben" Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more. ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take "Jeannette"? For the answer read the Schuten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of Champaklou in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode" and more. ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champaklou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: Champaklou" meets his fate while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And in their revenge the Flying Walendas vs. the Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress." ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam, Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute fifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hal, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon and Matena and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some Love by Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina" and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera" and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Coronation returns with "Woman" Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hall" Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us "There's a Prince Charming on Pheruxon! Don't miss it! ($3.00)

Art Larry Lanoff

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses Civilian Defense, while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. The Horny Goof, an immortal Moebius character, gets himself in and outta trouble while "Bloodstar." What is Reality Papa? Salammbo and Rock Opera continue. Plus Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book *Yesterday's Lily*, and an interview with the man himself, Al Magic. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: Tex Arcana's John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. And Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Even with all of that going on, we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth and Corben's "Bloodstar." Plus Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar." Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stones from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one short day, ya? ($3.00)

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CODY STARBUCK

The dying started on the fifth!
By the eighth day, the prayers of gratitude had turned to screams of anguish.
When the ten-day deluge ended, fully one-third of Detweiler's people were dead . . . and the dying continued
The priests, in protective clothing and masks, held mass funerals over the common graves of the dead.
And still the people died
And, among the living (though most had forgotten), some remembered that a ship had been seen orbiting Detweiler. Most had been too busy burying their dead
But a few remembered. . . .

violent or peaceful, among man's varied societies were long past.

The hundred-year holy war had shattered entire worlds, and now it was time for the long climb out of the ashes of war.

Interplanetary travel was limited . . . the war had simply drained sources of energy so completely as to make such intercourse outrageously expensive.

Therefore, the only common link between these splintered world nations were the profit-making star travelers, who possessed the very few existing hyperdrives

the mime troupes

the spidery container ships, bearing imports and exports

the marauders, raping and pillaging for profit

and the cathedral ships of Mother Church, manned by the warrior priests of St. Bery the leper

racial suicide
Having lost the holy war to the rebel Antichrist, martyrdom of mankind seemed the only reasonable, cleansing course
True to form man obliged

For, although space travel was impossibly expensive for most societies, planet-bound conflict—fought with everything from broadsword and dagger to turbine jets—seemed to spring up, overnight
The principal profiteers of the conflicts were . .
Hundreds of wretched worlds, barely able to feed their populations, found themselves locked in civil wars and insurrections
And, of course, as in all times of war, there was **profit** to be made; these times, as well, proved to be no exception

Dax

. . manufacturers of organic starships. For decades, Dax has been trying to reinvent an affordable hyperdrive with limited success

Prometheus

Producers of clones, androids, and **clonedroid** labor. **Prometheus** has spent billions to sabotage **Dax**'s research into hyperspace

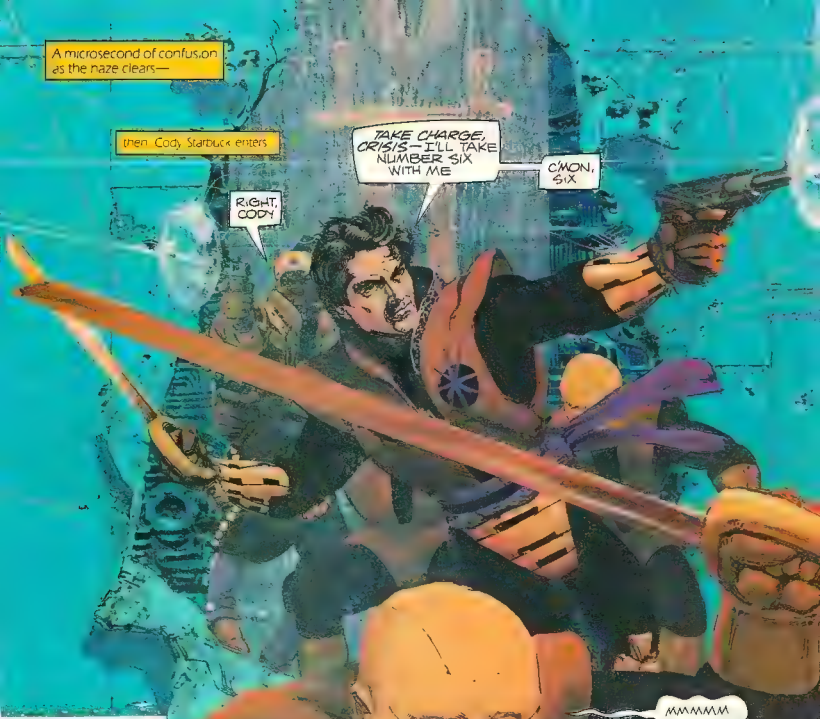
Aside from the ancient family feud (a blood feud) between Dax and Prometheus, a feud dating back long before the Jihad, both corporations have accepted a simple conclusion:

The ultimate success of one corporation's product will, in the long run, lead to the collapse of the other.

And so commercial warfare. Some even suggest that these planetary conflicts have been created by these two cartels, but this is merely wide speculation.

With apologies to our gentle reader we now go to **Ashmeade,** a company world of the **Dax cartel.**
With nine-tenths of its surface covered by ice it turns a handsome profit selling water to several desert planets in nearby systems.
Beneath its only city, however Ashmeade keeps **several secrets.**
The laborers, stevedores and prostitutes who live on the surface are unaware of plant 14 shafts of crystal where the **hulls of organic starcraft** are nurtured
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
NOT MUCH ICE TUG
DAMN IT. THEY KNOW THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO USE THIS LANE
WAIT A MIN
SHE'S PICKING UP SPEED! MATER CHRIST! HER SUPERSTRUCTURE'S GIVING WAY
MARAUDERS!
SHIT! SO CLOSE TO HARVEST, WE STAND TO LOSE - BIG! SECURITY ALERT TO RED!
I'M STARTING TANK SEALING

Above the surface is gutted by a shaft of pure energy
..the roar of which is muffled by the burbling of the tanks
AREA OF ENTRY IS POINT-O-SEVEN THAT'S NEAR US
I'LL GET OVER TO SECURITY AND TRY TO CUT THEM OFF
REIVERS. ONE SHIP. THEY'VE PLASMA-TORCHED THEIR WAY IN, RIDING DOWN THE SHAFT
HERE THEY COME!
TAKE DEFEN...
CONCENTRATE FIRE!


A microsecond of confusion as the haze clears—
then Cody Starbuck enters
TAKE CHARGE, CRISIS—I'LL TAKE NUMBER SIX WITH ME
C'MON, SIX
RIGHT, CODY
MMMMM

Starbuck, legendary server hero of the Crusades, savior of virgins' keeps . . .Antichrist

Cody Starbuck, privateer, mercenary presently in service to Prometheus Corporation

To the casual observer it would seem that Starbuck, mercenary that he is, could serve **Dax** as well as he does Prometheus

But perhaps deep down Starbuck realizes that should Dax succeed with its work of re inventing an affordable hyperdrive

the demands for his own highly expensive services might dwindle

JUMP, NUMBER SIX. I'LL COVER YOU.
Starbuck and Dronedroid Number Six leap down to the tank-level ramp
GO, SIX, YOU KNOW YOUR JOB
CHRIST, DOWN BELOW, THAT DROID'S GOT A GRENADE... AND HE'S HEADING FOR THE TANK PORTAL.
SNUFF HIM, NOW!
THESE DRONES ARE JUST DIVERSIONARY IF THAT DROID GETS TO THE IRIS PORTAL WITH THAT GRENADE... GET 'IM!!!

Dronedroid Number Six races the dilating portal of the crystal vats
STOP HIM! STOP HIM! CUT HIM DOWN.
HE'S GONNA MAKE IT!..FIRE! FIRE!
KEEP THIS AREA CLEAR!
a race that Number Six loses not to the portal, but to a well-aimed energy blast.
BEFORE HE GOT HIM!
A cheer rings out from the defenders, as the luckless drone fails through the rapidly closing portal . . . His useless body has won the race
But his grenade explodes harmlessly above the shield The portal and tank are safely sealed
CRIKES.. PULL 'EM BACK!.. WE'RE SCRUBBING THIS ONE!
AYE, CAPTAIN!
YOU HEARD HIM, BULLY BOYS, SHAKE-A-LEG!

Starbuck pauses a short moment to fire some last shots as his remaining crew jump into the transport shaft
FAREWELL, GENTS. YOU'RE WELCOME TO FOLLOW US UP. IF YOU LIKE.
and on board the Limerick Rake.
CODY...THREE INTERCEPTORS COMING AT US FROM THE POLE... TIMING'S TIGHT, VERY!
I SAW THEM COMING. ON THE WAY UP, PORFIRIO. WE'RE ALL IN SEAL UP. ORDERS
SHOULD WE FOLLOW THEM, CAPTAIN?
NO, SERGEANT. THEY'D ONLY TURN OFF THE SHAFT WHEN WE WERE HALF-WAY UP!
THANK HEAVEN WE SAVED THE TREES
GOOD SHOOTING
THANK YOU, SIR
..PUSH DRIVE TO FULL. HOLD AT ANCHOR.. ON VOICE COMMAND
...GET SET TO MOVE!
TO BE CONTINUED

GALLERY

THE MAKER: DZINTARS MEZULIS

BY BRAD BALFOUR

It comes from somewhere, that urge. The hands grasp the clay like those of a miner digging for the mother lode. They strain and probe, tendons taut, as the maker yearns to merge with his material, to mold, to shape form from nothingness.

With a name like Dzintars Mezulis, this thirty-one-year-old sculptor of Latvian extraction will forever be saddled with an exotic quality, and more so in light of his craft. But it's an awkward heritage and a complicated one. Born in England, Mezulis with his family emigrated to Toronto, Canada, where his dad, a steelworker, taught him as a child the use of tools. No surface rendering, no mere history really permits an understanding of Mezulis or what compels him to struggle with the delicacy that his clay constructions require.

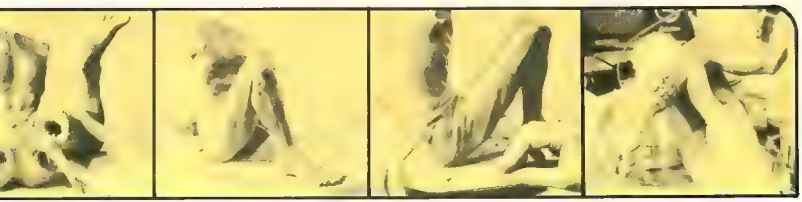
He sees his life transformed by a routine absorbed with clay and earthy mass. For him it is the translation of spirit into matter. "Truthfully, for me it's like a struggle with light and dark ness." A magi, a wizard of soil, he's damn serious: "When I'm working with the stuff I step back in time. I'm forever aware of temporality."

Not bullshit, not hippie jive: this guy's been there and back. Four times near death, trapped by collapsing kidneys, he spent six years, from 1969 to 1975, trekking around the world in a quest for a life while always facing likely death. No wonder he is fascinated with making—"It's central to my being."

Transmutation. "In part it s a takeoff on Hermes, the god who guided souls to the underworld. There's a transmutation upwards from the stone monolith to a twelfth-century magus; this is a symbolic gesture toward matter becoming spirit

Ringing In the Sheep. "The animal is a combination greyhound and brontosaurus, there s a melding, the rider seems tough and ferocious yet he del cate y tinkles a tiny bell

Digital Transmission It s dual play on words, first on myself as a maker with my digita transmissions, and second because the figure focuses on the contemplative aspect of the source of my expression



"A piece will usually take me eight to twelve weeks time, twelve hours a day, to finish. At first, I'm overwhelmed by the clay, by its very smell, its earthiness. With my energy concentrated, I determine what will evolve from the clay. I don't use any support struts, or armature. It's purely clay, of the earth."

He did psychoactive brews with Indians in Central America. He climbed Himalayan peaks in order to stop at Buddhist monasteries. The winds battered him in North African deserts while he was living with Bedouins. In the jungles of Guatemala, Mezulis visited ancient temples and slept in hammocks while scorpions crawled about and bats flew above silently. Through Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as both American continents, Mezulis saw eighty countries.

"I'm a sponge for experience, interested in all attitudes about being. Through my work I understand about being.

Darkness Draws Near "He wears a bison worshiper's headdress, a sixteenth-century codpiece, a nineteenth century revolver; and he sits on a twentieth century Coke crate. He's the expression of timelessness, the savage whose veneer of civilization is thin."

The Royal Twins View the Games "These figures are part of a larger structure—they're tomb guardians on the surface; but underneath, eternal primal entities."

Harzak Centering. With this figure its psychic dimension is several times the volume of physical space, so it's about space and timelessness."

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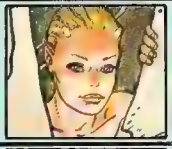

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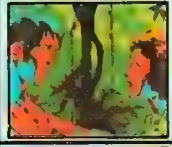

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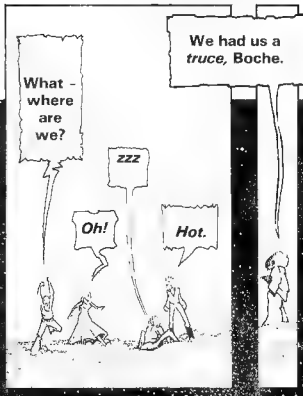
Changes

Matt Howarth



A A
Background: the red giant.

B B
The white dwarf: in the foreground.

X
You.

No, no, it was *her,* she made me do it, *please. . . .*

Yo' is *bile,* man! Settin' th' par'sites on any'n' is shit! Tha's unwritten *law*—whut yo' done *trans-gressed!* Ah's los' mah patience wit' yo', *cosmic doctor* 'r not!

Shut up, Boche, you dolt!

The little sandworld.
P

Audition

AUDITION BY HOWARTH

Please, it's all her fault -*her, not me!*
You rag—he really means you harm; you can't slither your way out of this one. I'm so glad I'm on *their* side!
SHOOT! SHOOT! SHOOT!
I'll tell you *everything.* And I'll—
GOLDEN RECTANGLE FUNNIES
Where the hell 'd you get *that,* Ron?!
Die, *die!*
DIE!
You *killed* Russ! No, no!
Sagh—look whu'fo' yo' done now.
Don't nobody move!
NEXT: debris

TAKE 2 · HOWARTH/
D.M. KISTER

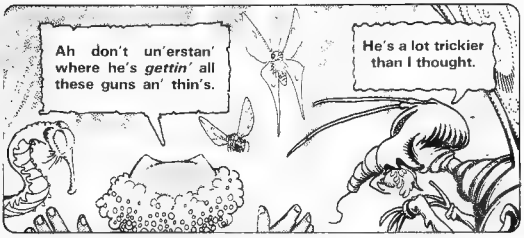
TAKE 2

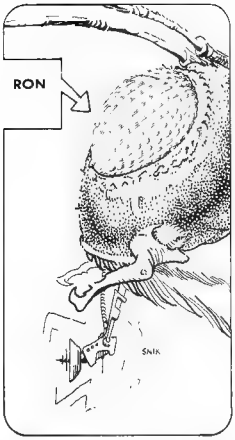
A whippet what happened?
Yo' forms here, Ah believes, are mo' conducive to a calm discuss'n.
Sacre guerre!
Then, missy, Ah suggests yo' talk fas'.
Calm down, bro'. Things was gettin' outta han'. Ah pulled sum' celest'ul strings 'n' ran Time back. We gon' try this ag'in.
You old cretin, we're falling into the sun!

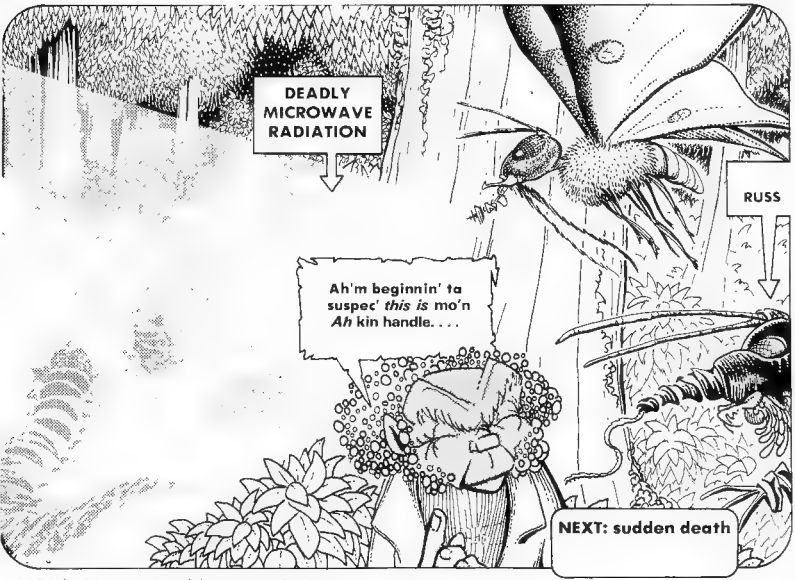
Oh dear, my, oh—I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry for my actions--I repent! I was a sinner!
You worm, Boche....
I see the light!
What's Ron doin'?
PHISHH
A gas pocket 'n' me' trigono-metry n Ah thot be knew....
??
Die, Boche coddler of pregnant women!
Aaaugh!
No, no help! Save me from him!!
Shut!
Die, die, die, die!
NEXT again

LAST-MINUTE BUTTERFLIES

or 'IN DEN GÄRTEN PHARAOS'

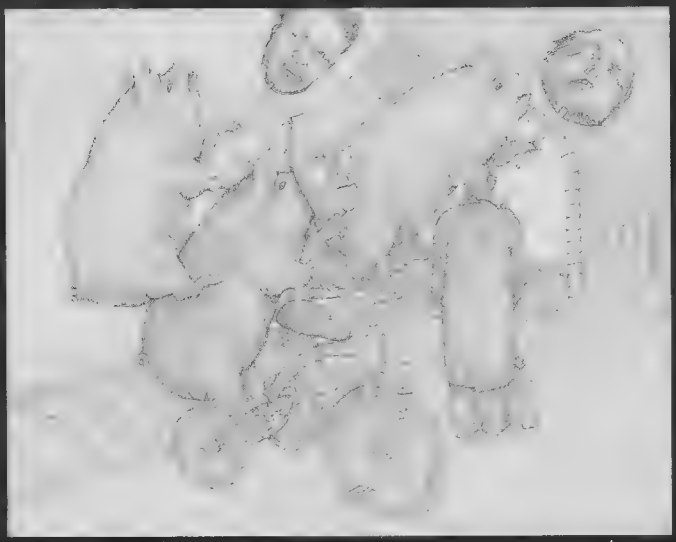


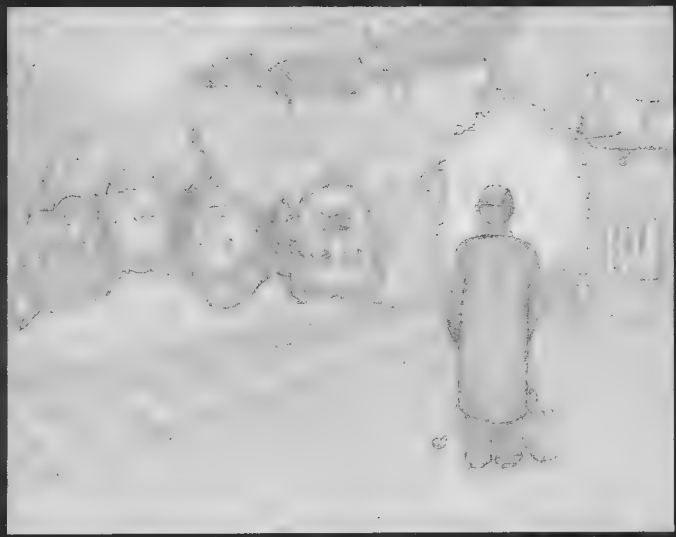


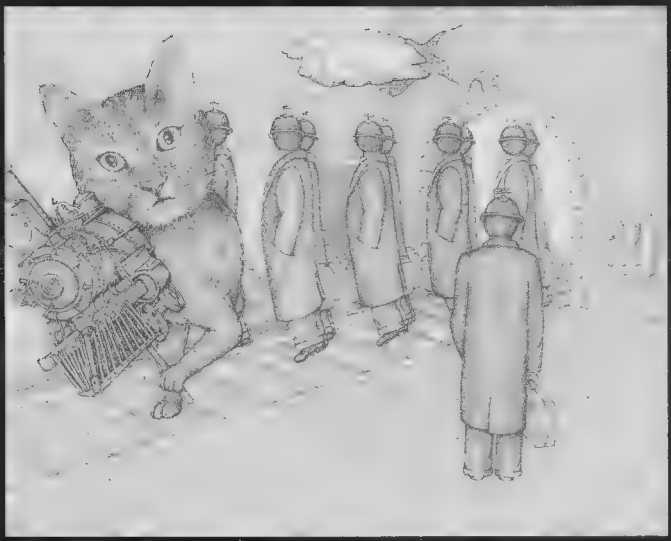


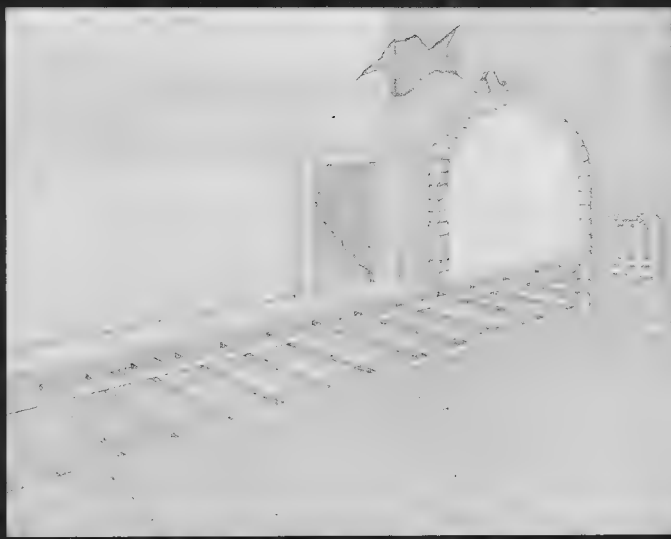
IN DEN GARTEN PHARAOS BY HOWARTH

1:09



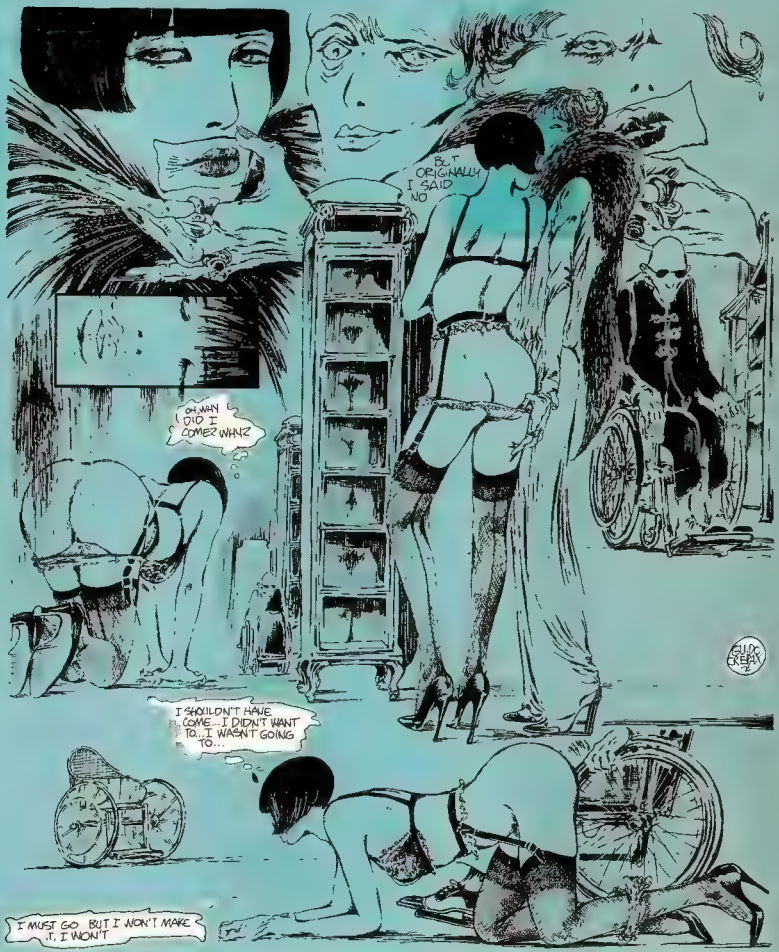




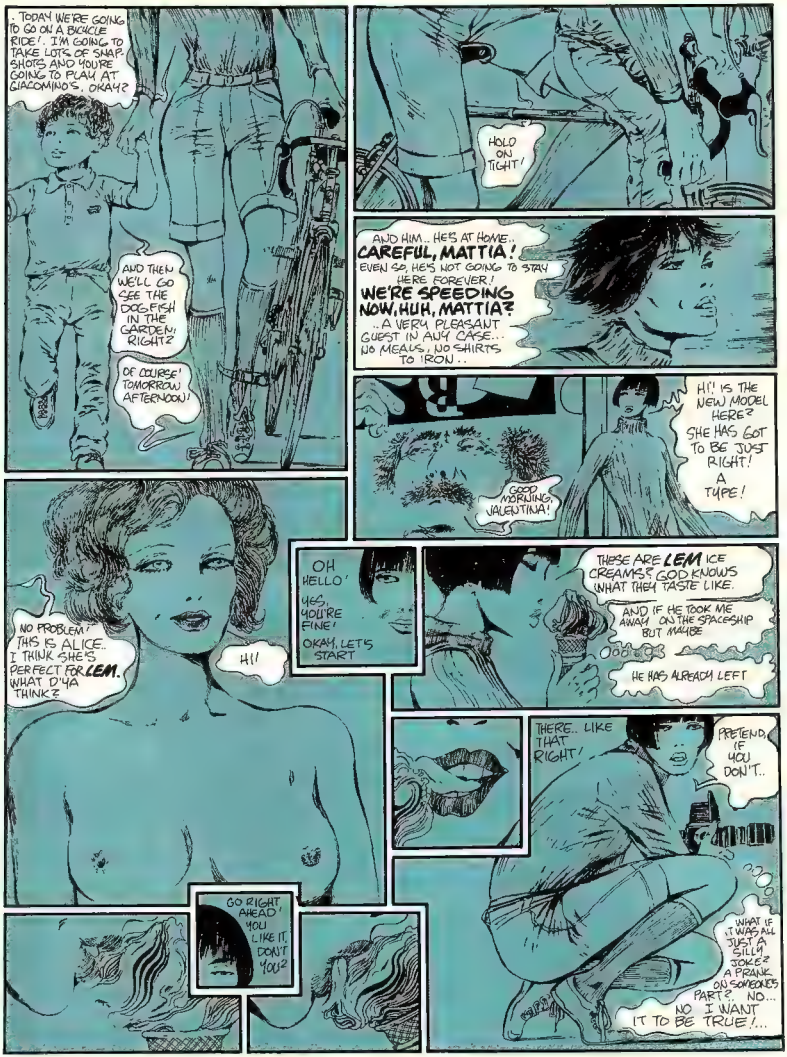


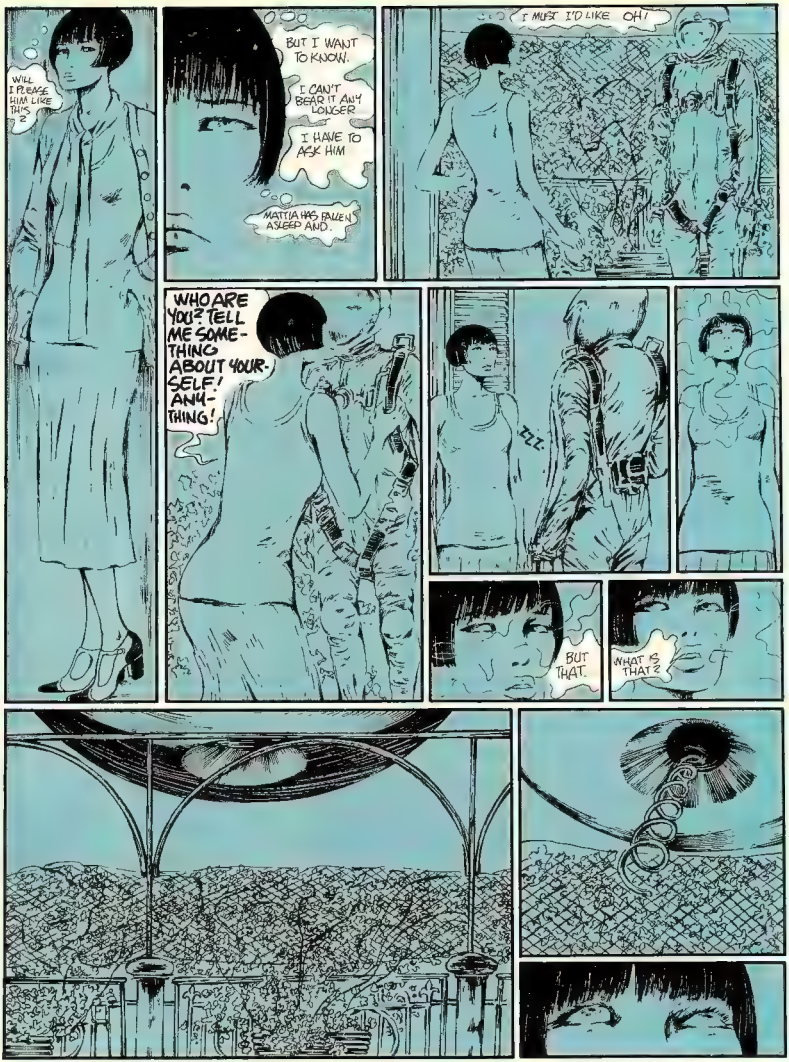
Valentina in REFLECTION

When last we saw Valentina, she was in a constant state of euphoria, anxiously obsessed with her spaceman companion. He has yet to speak to her, and their relationship so far has consisted only of fabulous sex and day-old reveries. (Which is just fine, for some.)

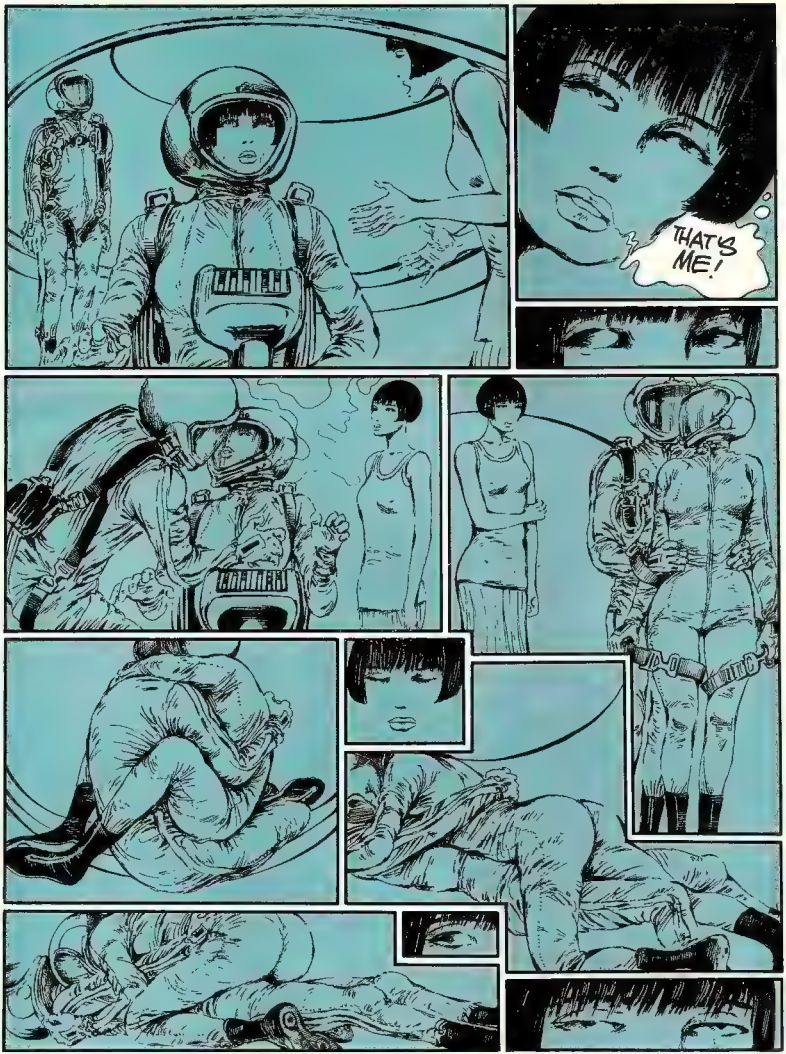

BUT ORIGINALLY I SAID NO
OH WAH DID I COME? WHAT?
GULP CREAK
I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME... I DIDN'T WANT TO... I WASN'T GOING TO...
I MUST GO BUT I WON'T MAKE IT. I WON'T

HE'S STILL SLEEPING IT'S ALMOST MORNING.
I WONDER IF HE SLEPT THE WHOLE TIME?
OR NO I WAS DREAMING
MAYBE IT'S ME.
IN THE MORNING, HE DOES SEEM YOUNGER


TODAY WE'RE GOING TO GO ON A BICYCLE RIDE'. I'M GOING TO TAKE LOTS OF SNAPSHOTS AND YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY AT GIACOMINO'S. OKAY?
AND THEN WE'LL GO SEE THE DOGFISH IN THE GARDEN, RIGHT?
OF COURSE! TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
HOLD ON TIGHT!
AND HIM.. HE'S AT HOME..
CAREFUL, MATTIA!
EVEN SO, HE'S NOT GOING TO STAY HERE FOREVER!
WE'RE SPEEDING NOW, HUH, MATTIA?
..A VERY PLEASANT GUEST IN ANY CASE... NO MEALS, NO SHIRTS TO IRON..
GOOD MORNING, VALENTINA!
HI! IS THE NEW MODEL HERE? SHE HAS GOT TO BE JUST RIGHT! A TYPE!
NO PROBLEM! THIS IS ALICE.. I THINK SHE'S PERFECT FOR LEM. WHAT D'YA THINK?
HI!
OH HELLO' YES, YOU'RE FINE' OKAY, LET'S START
THESE ARE LEM ICE CREAMS? GOD KNOWS WHAT THEY TASTE LIKE.
AND IF HE TOOK ME AWAY ON THE SPACESHIP BUT MAYBE
HE HAS ALREADY LEFT
THERE.. LIKE THAT RIGHT'
PRETEND, IF YOU DON'T..
GO RIGHT AHEAD' YOU LIKE IT, DON'T YOU?
WHAT IF IT WAS ALL JUST A SILLY JOKE? A PRANK ON SOMEBODY'S PART? NO... NO I WANT IT TO BE TRUE!..

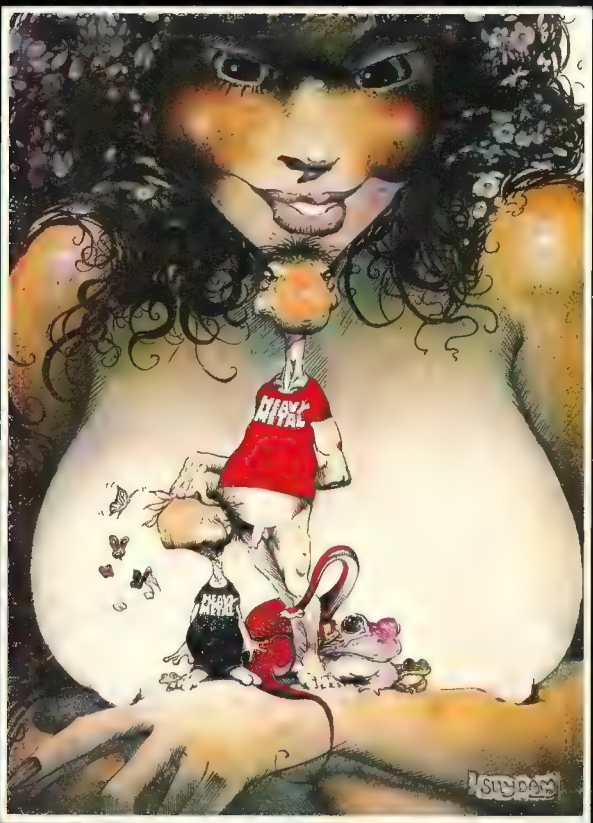

WILL I PLEASE HIM LIKE THIS?
BUT I WANT TO KNOW.
I CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER
I HAVE TO ASK HIM
MATTIA HAS FALLEN ASLEEP AND.
I MUST I'D LIKE OH!
WHO ARE YOU? TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF! ANYTHING!
ZZZ.
BUT THAT.
WHAT IS THAT?

WAIT!
OHOOH!..


THAT'S ME!

BUT HOW.
NOW SHE'S, I MEAN... I AM OLD!...
HE WILL GUIDE THE SPACE-SHIP.
CONTINUED

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."



"You're not whistling 'Dixie,' little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting material, which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer."

HEAVY METAL
Dept. HM 581
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Black Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐
Red Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ HEAVY METAL t-shirt(s) at $6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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*Please note: t-shirt depicts only Heavy Metal logo. The illustration above is not used on the actual shirt. Too many curves.

THE TOLLBRIDGE
WRITTEN BY ART SUYDAM AND JOE KOCH
ILLUSTRATED BY ART SUYDAM
DEDICATED TO VAUGHN BODÉ
IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE LURLEI HAD SET FOOT ON GARDYLOO. ITS FORESTS, FOREBODING TO HER AS A YOUNG GIRL, NOW SEEMED TO WELCOME HER MOST SINCERELY. HER WEARINESS GAVE WAY TO A SPIRIT THAT FOUND ITSELF IN SYMPATHETIC KINSHIP WITH THE MISTS THAT SHIFTED HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERING TREES. IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE SHE CAME TO THE OUTER EDGE OF THE MEADOW, MARKING THE END OF HER JOURNEY HOME. BUT SHE WAS NO LONGER IN A HURRY. SHE ENJOYED BEING SURPRISED BY THE SUDDEN FAMILIARITY AND DELIGHTED IN RECOGNIZING THE FORGOTTEN. LURLEI HAD REMEMBERED. THE TREES AS TALL AND MAGNIFICENT BUT NOW, AS SHE SAW THEM AGAIN,
...THEY SEEMED MUCH TALLER AND MORE NOBLE THAN EVER BEFORE.
SUYDAM

'TWAS A PLACE WHERE NATURE'S MANY VOICES SPOKE IN WHISPERS, RESPECTING THE SILENCE OF ITS GIANTS. WHEN SHE SANG, HER VOICE PERMEATED THE FOREST AND IT ANSWERED HER WITH AN INDULGING ECHO. IT WAS AS IF SHE HAD HER PLACE IN AN ANCIENT CHOIR, HER VOICE AN INSTRUMENT OF THE AGES.

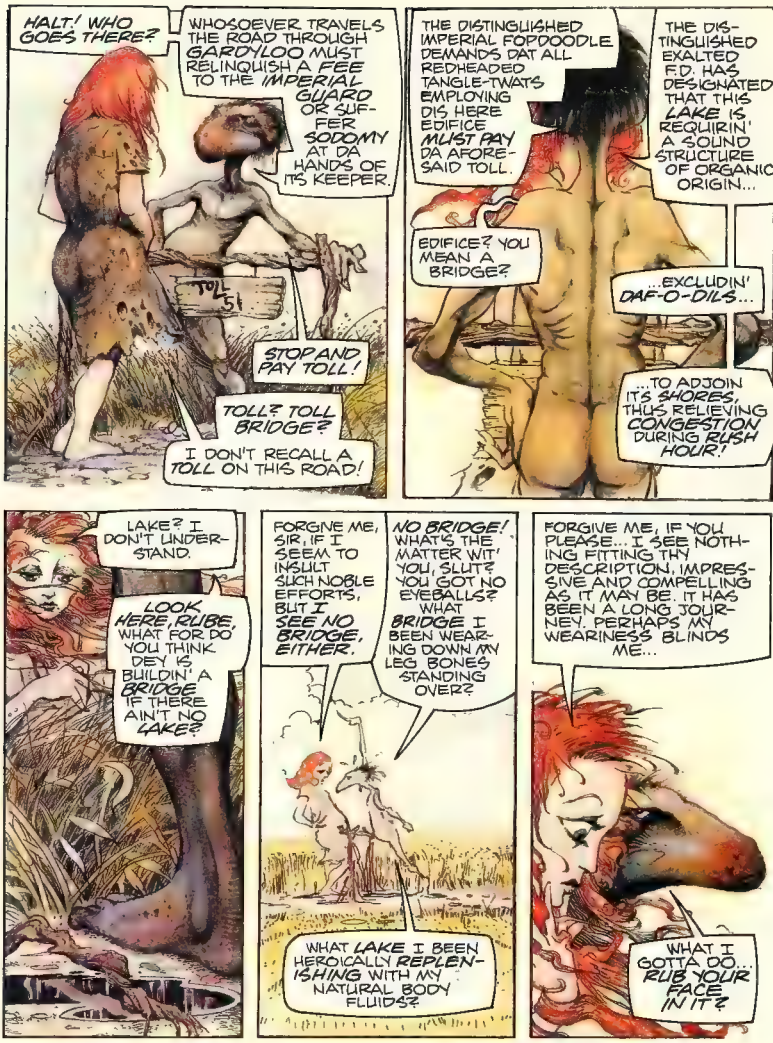
♫♫ ROXANNE... YEE DON'T HAVE TO TURN ♪ ON THE RED LIGHT... ♫

ZZZZZZZZZZ...

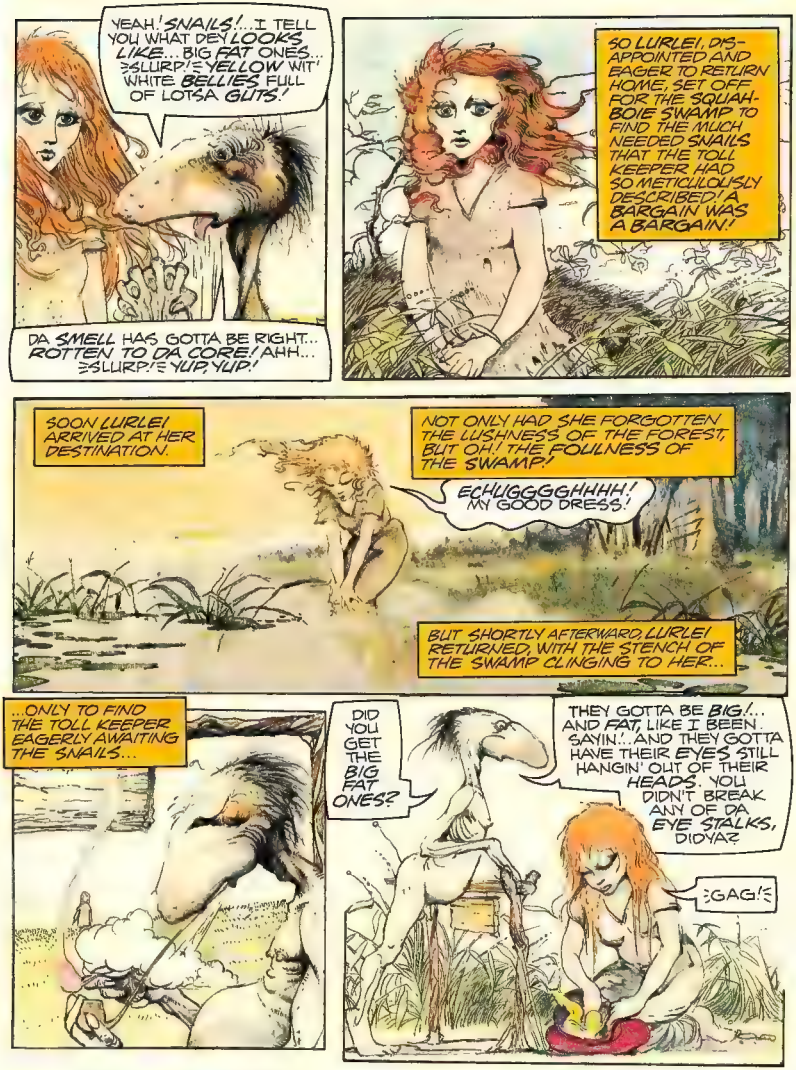
WHEN LURLEI CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE MEADOW, SHE PAUSED TO TAKE A LAST GLANCE AT THE FOREST, BUT THEN...

SOMETHING UNFAMILIAR WAS OBSTRUCTING THE ROAD AHEAD...

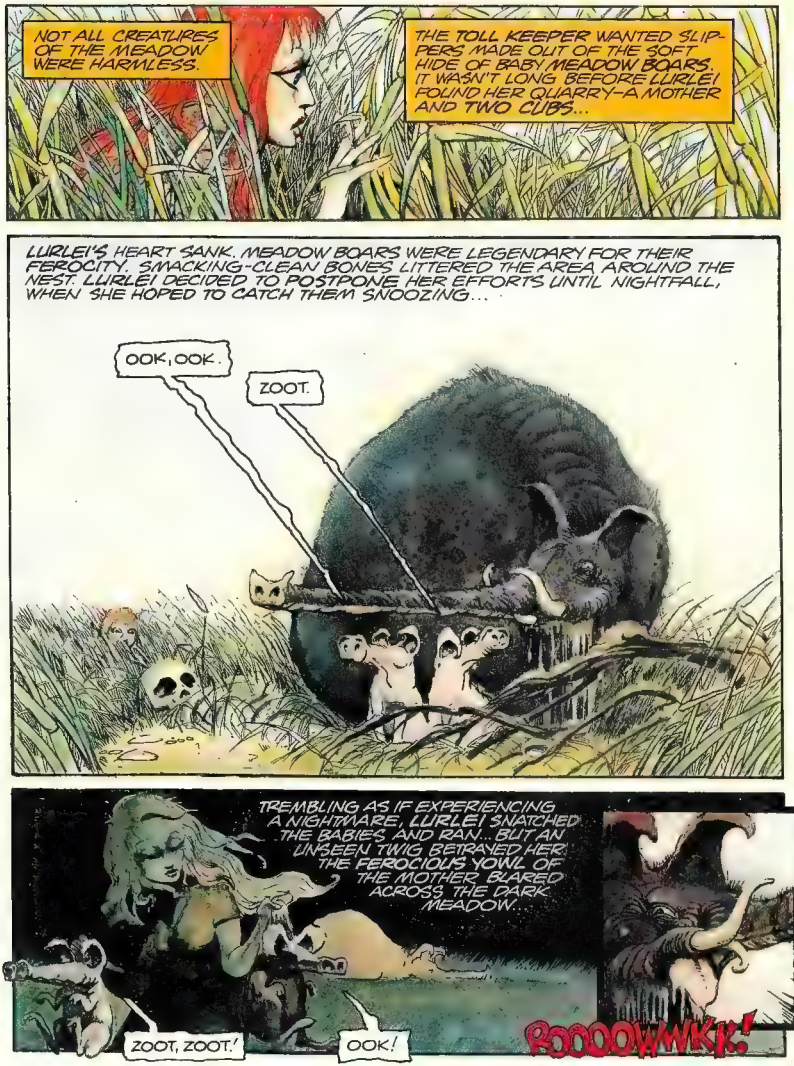
?!!!

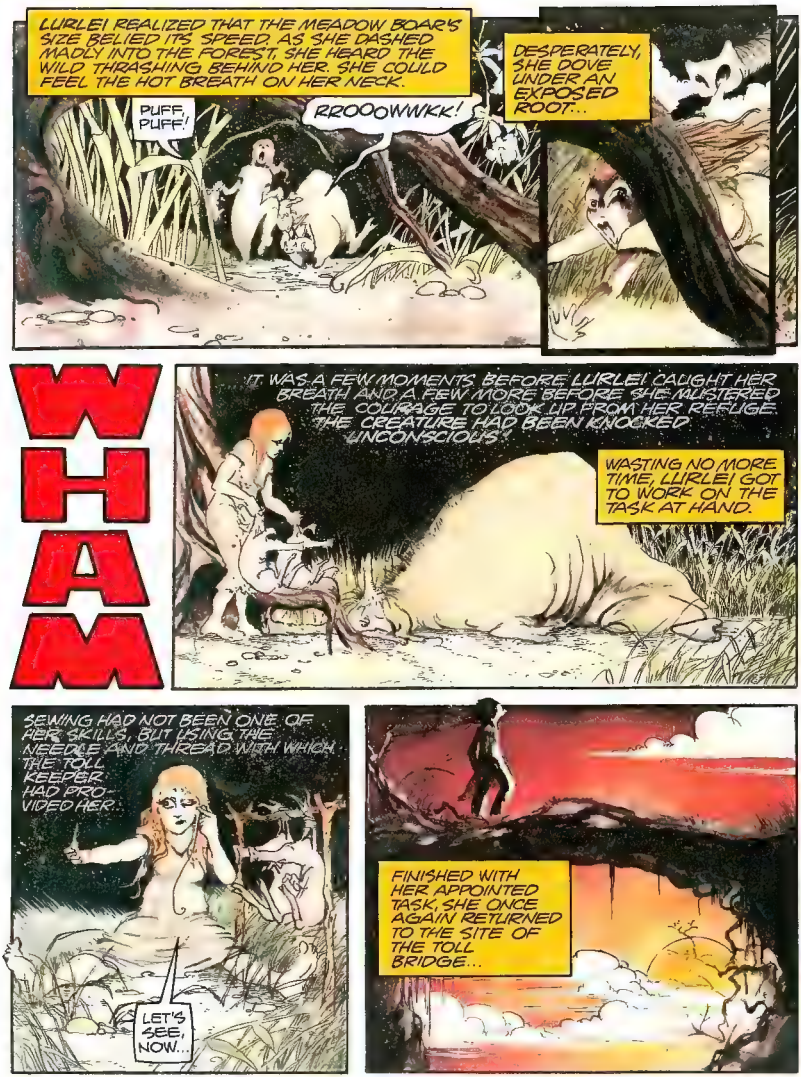

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
WHOSOEVER TRAVELS THE ROAD THROUGH GARDYLOO MUST RELINQUISH A FEE TO THE IMPERIAL GUARD OR SUFFER SODOMY AT DA HANDS OF ITS KEEPER.
TOLL 5¢
STOP AND PAY TOLL!
TOLL? TOLL BRIDGE?
I DON'T RECALL A TOLL ON THIS ROAD!
THE DISTINGUISHED IMPERIAL FOPDOODLE DEMANDS DAT ALL REDHEADED TANGLE-TWATS EMPLOYING DIS HERE EDIFICE MUST PAY DA AFORESAID TOLL.
THE DISTINGUISHED EXALTED F.D. HAS DESIGNATED THAT THIS LAKE IS REQUIRIN' A SOUND STRUCTURE OF ORGANIC ORIGIN...
EDIFICE? YOU MEAN A BRIDGE?
...EXCLUDIN' DAF-O-DILS...
...TO ADJOIN ITS SHORES, THUS RELIEVING CONGESTION DURING RUSH HOUR!
LAKE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
LOOK HERE, RUBE, WHAT FOR DO YOU THINK DEY IS BUILDIN' A BRIDGE IF THERE AIN'T NO LAKE?
FORGIVE ME, SIR, IF I SEEM TO INSULT SUCH NOBLE EFFORTS, BUT I SEE NO BRIDGE, EITHER.
NO BRIDGE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WIT' YOU, SLUT? YOU GOT NO EYEBALLS? WHAT BRIDGE I BEEN WEARING DOWN MY LEG BONES STANDING OVER?
WHAT LAKE I BEEN HEROICALLY REPLENISHING WITH MY NATURAL BODY FLUIDS?
FORGIVE ME, IF YOU PLEASE... I SEE NOTHING FITTING THY DESCRIPTION, IMPRESSIVE AND COMPELLING AS IT MAY BE. IT HAS BEEN A LONG JOURNEY. PERHAPS MY WEARINESS BLINDS ME...
WHAT I GOTTA DO... RUB YOUR FACE IN IT?

THIS? BUT IT'S JUST A PUDDLE!
WHADDAYA EXPECT? ME SITTIN' AROUND WAITIN' ON GEEKS WIT' NOTHIN' TA DRINK!
IF YOUSE CAN LET YER SPUNK-IN-FESTED EARS JIGGLE DIS... "ANY AQUEOUS BODY MAY BE DULY LEASED FROM DA GLORIOUS IM-PERIAL FOPDOODLE FOR MONETARY GAINS PROVIDED DAT...
...DA...UH... PARTY OF DA SECOND PART... ≥MUMBLE≤...
...OF DA PARTY OF DA FIRST PART..." UM... ≥HARUMPF!≤
ER... DAT'LL BE FIVE CENTS, PLEASE...
BUT YOUR BRIDGE IS SO SMALL. IT COULD NEVER SUPPORT ME! BESIDES, I DON'T HAVE FIVE CENTS!
TOUGH, TITS, KID.
BUT I WANT TO GO HOME! AND ANYWAY, I DON'T HAVE TO CROSS YOUR BRIDGE...
...I CAN JUST GO AROUND THE PUDDLE. VERY SIMPLE...
WHOOOA! DRAG YOUR DOOKYBUTT BACK OVER HERE UNTIL YOU HUSTLES UP MY NICKEL!
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!
YOU GOTS NO MONEY, YOUSE GOTTA SCRAM!
BUT I HAVE TO GO HOME!
WELLLL... NO NEED TO AD-HERE TO DA STRICT ALPHA-BET OF DA LAW: MONEY ISN'T EV'RYTHIN' AND NICKELS AIN'T HARDLY NOTHIN'... SOME PEOPLES PUT A PREMIUM ON CERTAIN KINDSA SNAILS!
SNAILS?


YEAH! SNAILS!... I TELL YOU WHAT DEY LOOKS LIKE... BIG FAT ONES... ≥SLURP!≤ YELLOW WIT' WHITE BELLIES FULL OF LOTSA GUTS!
DA SMELL HAS GOTTA BE RIGHT... ROTTEN TO DA CORE! AHH... ≥SLURP!≤ YUP, YUP!
SO LURLE!, DISAPPOINTED AND EAGER TO RETURN HOME, SET OFF FOR THE SQUAHBOIE SWAMP TO FIND THE MUCH NEEDED SNAILS THAT THE TOLL KEEPER HAD SO METICULOUSLY DESCRIBED! A BARGAIN WAS A BARGAIN!
SOON LURLE! ARRIVED AT HER DESTINATION.
NOT ONLY HAD SHE FORGOTTEN THE LUSHNESS OF THE FOREST, BUT OH! THE FOULNESS OF THE SWAMP!
ECHUGGGGHHHH! MY GOOD DRESS!
BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARD, LURLE! RETURNED, WITH THE STENCH OF THE SWAMP CLINGING TO HER...
...ONLY TO FIND THE TOLL KEEPER EAGERLY AWAITING THE SNAILS...
DID YOU GET THE BIG FAT ONES?
THEY GOTTA BE BIG!... AND FAT, LIKE I BEEN SAYIN... AND THEY GOTTA HAVE THEIR EYES STILL HANGIN' OUT OF THEIR HEADS. YOU DIDN'T BREAK ANY OF DA EYE STALKS, DIDYAZ
≥GAG!≤

THEY LOOK GOOD! JUST WHAT THE OL' DOCTOR ORDERED!
:SLURP!:
YES...UH, WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE MEETING YOU, BUT NOW I HAVE TO GO...
:CHOMP, CHOMP!: OHH... NO...NO...NO...NO... GALOBS LIKE THEM IS MAYBE WORTH A NICKEL, BUT HOWS-ABOUT THE OTHER FIVE BIG ONES YA OWE ME?
TOLL 10¢
WHAT!?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I RUINED MY BEST DRESS TO GET THOSE SNAILS FOR YOU. YOU PROMISED...
HUSH, HUSH, MY DEAR LITTLE MUFFINPUFFIN. A BIT OF STUFF UP THE EARS AND ADDLED BRAINS ON YOUR PART, AND YOUR MISSION WILL BE COMPLETE!
MY FEETS HAVE BEEN A SUFFERIN' FROM TOO MUCH WEIGHT, AN' DEY COULD USE SOME PADDING...
IN DA UP AN' IN BETWEENS. A PAIR OF SLIPPERS WOULD DO DA TRICK. BUT MY FEETS NEED A CERTAIN KINDA SLIPPERS...
LURLE! COULD NOT HELP SYMPATHIZING WITH THE TOLL KEEPER'S PLIGHT, HAVING JUST MADE A LONG JOURNEY HERSELF. SO, AFTER SOME FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS, AND WITH THE PROMISE THAT THIS WOULD COMPLETE HER END OF THE BARGAIN, SHE WAS UNDERWAY.
HEEEHOOHAAAA!


NOT ALL CREATURES OF THE MEADOW WERE HARMLESS.
THE TOLL KEEPER WANTED SLIPPERS MADE OUT OF THE SOFT HIDE OF BABY MEADOW BOARS. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LURLEI FOUND HER QUARRY—A MOTHER AND TWO CUBS...
LURLEI'S HEART SANK. MEADOW BOARS WERE LEGENDARY FOR THEIR FEROCITY. SMACKING-CLEAN BONES LITTERED THE AREA AROUND THE NEST. LURLEI DECIDED TO POSTPONE HER EFFORTS UNTIL NIGHTFALL, WHEN SHE HOPED TO CATCH THEM SNOOZING...
OOK, OOK.
ZOOT.
TREMBLING AS IF EXPERIENCING A NIGHTMARE, LURLEI SNATCHED THE BABIES AND RAN... BUT AN UNSEEN TWIG BETRAYED HER! THE FEROCIOUS YOWL OF THE MOTHER BLARED ACROSS THE DARK MEADOW.
ZOOT, ZOOT!
OOK!
BOOOOWWK!!


LURLEI REALIZED THAT THE MEADOW BOAR'S SIZE BELIED ITS SPEED. AS SHE DASHED MADLY INTO THE FOREST, SHE HEARD THE WILD THRASHING BEHIND HER. SHE COULD FEEL THE HOT BREATH ON HER NECK.
PUFF, PUFF!
RROOOWWKK!
DESPERATELY, SHE DOVE UNDER AN EXPOSED ROOT...
WHAM
IT WAS A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE LURLEI CAUGHT HER BREATH AND A FEW MORE BEFORE SHE MUSTERED THE COURAGE TO LOOK UP FROM HER REFUGE. THE CREATURE HAD BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!
WASTING NO MORE TIME, LURLEI GOT TO WORK ON THE TASK AT HAND.
SEWING HAD NOT BEEN ONE OF HER SKILLS, BUT USING THE NEEDLE AND THREAD WITH WHICH THE TOLL KEEPER HAD PROVIDED HER...
LET'S SEE, NOW...
FINISHED WITH HER APPOINTED TASK, SHE ONCE AGAIN RETURNED TO THE SITE OF THE TOLL BRIDGE...

...WHERE SHE FOUND THE TOLL KEEPER WAITING...
OOOWHEEE! NICE SHOES! MY FEET DON'T COME IN TWO SIZES, SINCE I AM THE SYM-MET-RICAL TYPE.
BUT...
OOOOIEE! IT AIN'T AS GOOD AS STEPPIN' INTO A WARM PILE, BUT THEY OTTA HOLD TO-GETHER LOTS BETTER.
SO NOW, SIR, I'LL BE ON MY WAY...
NOW HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE!
OH, NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NOT AGAIN! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO THIS TIME?
HMMMM... SMACK, SMACK!
BEND OVER AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
WHOP! BAM! CRUNCH!
AND SO, AFTER ALL TOO MANY DELAYS, THE PRINCESS CONTINUED ON HER WAY...
SOME PEOPLE GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR WHATSOEVER.
THE END

President Kennedy once said of Washington, D.C., that it "combined northern charm with southern efficiency."
Now, sweltering in its stalled traffic, shaking to its African rhythms, I felt a sudden sense of communion with the heart-beat of a nation--
ADULT
Is this your first visit to our city?
O Washington! dusky jewel set in the opulent navel of the industrial East; jaded, exotic seat of empire...
I used to come here for the protest marches.
What were you protesting?
Good God, who can remember that far back?
Well, we don't believe in that sort of thing now...

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Ah, here we are at the White House.
Dr. Guhlman was waiting in the Rose Garden.
Listen, I'm going to have to "leak" some top-secret information to you...
The president of the United States, J. Ronald Nexxon, is not a human being--he's a robot!
I'll let Mr. Mouse from the "Moral Mafiosi" explain the details.
Thanks, Doc. We got the idea from our market research--which showed that most Americans believed that their microwave ovens were smarter than they were.
Our computers then designed a Composite Presidential Figure, and he was built in a Korean transistor factory. Unfortunately they made a boo-boo on the specs, and--well, maybe you'd better see the rest for yourselves...
What about the First Lady--is she a robot, too?
No, we couldn't afford two, so we had to settle for the next-best thing--a native Californian.

Mr. President, I want you to meet some friends of--
Bang! Bang! You're dead!
This is an honor, Mr. Pres--
You can't talk--
I just shot you with my ray gun!
You see--he can hardly hold a press conference in this condition.
Why don't you examine him, while I take a look at the blueprints?
Mr. President! Come back!
Maybe he's under the desk.
Go away! This is our fort!
Are you a Russian?
Um, no...

Mr. President! It's bedtime for you and Banzai.
Awww... shoot!
So this is where you're going to be working...
I read a letter to Pent-Up magazine about two people who made love in the Oval Office.
No way! You'll just have to wait until we get back to the hotel--
They did it right here on the desk...
Well, maybe if we're quick...
A moment later, I looked up to find the president of the United States gravely watching me.
Me and Banzai need to go to the bathroom--will you take us?
To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

COMING NEXT MONTH

The untruths spun in last issue's Coming Next Month column have led to great confusion. "So what the hell ever happened to the Giménez interview? or the Hagen feature?" queried letters from around the world. Kings and queens alike wrote with great concern. "You fibbed to us!" they steamed.

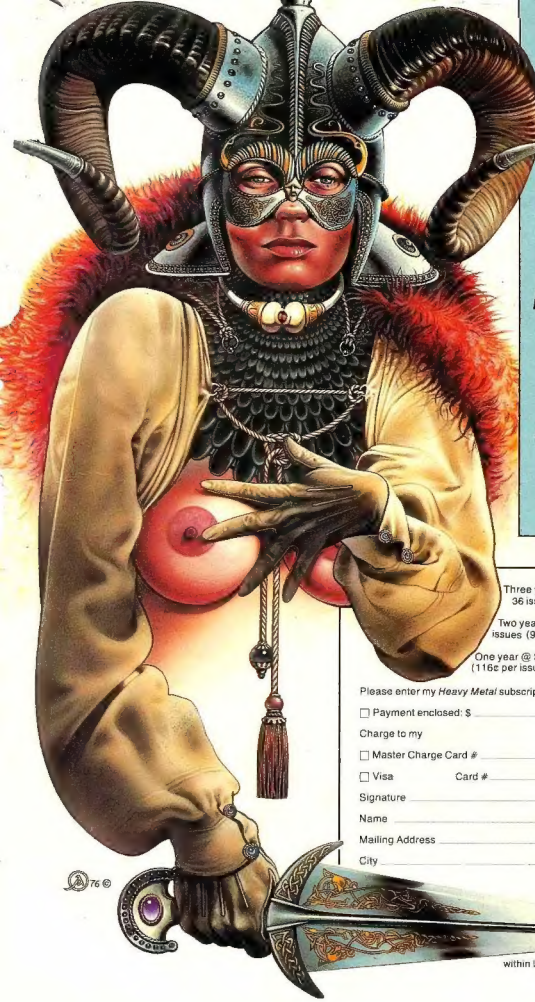
Well, we do apologize. Various scheduling problems couldn't be avoided. The following should give you a good idea of what's coming up in the June issue of *Heavy Metal*. Along with the illustrated works of Lucrezia Borgia we offer:

Caza's **The March Hair**, in which our narrator experiences a metamorphosis all his own.

Druillet and Picotto's **Firaz**, a strangely beautiful story bringing back for an encore the character of the same name.

The first part of a two-part interview with Richard Corben. With Brad Balfour, he discusses the *why*s, *when*s, *who*s, and *what*s behind his art.

Plus: the continuations of Corben's **Bloodstar**, Chaykin's **Cody Starbuck**, and Enki Bilal's **The Immortals' Fete**. Promise! Honest Injun!



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Chaykin's Cody Starbuck premieres,
as do Suydam's mud wogs.
Crepax's Valentina continues.
Plus some pretty weird
worldwide goings-on!